CAMP-FIRE VERSE

WILLIAMS HAYNES
JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON

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CAMP-FIRE VERSE

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WILLIAMS HAYNES
AND
JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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TO
ROBERT J. CARLISLE
AND
JOHN WARREN ACHORN

IN CAMP

From exile to my kingdom I return,
To winds and waters, councillors of mine,
My treasure,—yonder lake where sunsets burn,
My palace roof,—the blue above yon pine.

—*Robert Gilbert Welsh*

INTRODUCTION

Up to about twenty or twenty-five years ago the man interested in out-of-door sports and pastimes was looked upon with gentle tolerance by his more industrious brethren. The fisherman was a loafer or a gentle ne'er-do-well; the shooter was a good sort, but not likely to get on; golf was tolerated, but only as a Sunday expedient. The man who would venture to shorten his business hours for the sake of playing such a game would have been looked upon with such commercial disgust by his fellow-business men that his failure would have been pretty well assured. A good number of men went camping every year, but they did not say very much about it. They were not especially ashamed of it, but neither did they consider the fact worthy of advertisement. The amateurs knew very little of the methods of proper camping. In the light of modern specialization the few books written on the subject seem very crude and inefficient—always excepting old Nessmuk.

But in the nineties a change crept over the face

of public approval. Came a certain school of writers who pointed out that the joy of the sheer physical life in the open brought rewards that no other kind of life could bring. The reaction from overstrained hurriedness of business life was about due, and this new school of poetry and fiction and essays climbed a tree of tendency whose fruit was already ripe.

And since that day a sane and steady appreciation of nature in the open has become more and more a part of our every-day and normal life. In 1900 I traveled for four months in the Sierra Nevada Mountains with pack-animals, and in that time met only one other party out like myself for the pleasure of the open. In 1910 the mountains had become so trampled over by lovers of the high countries that it was difficult to find horse-feed anywhere near the trail. Hundreds of people who never have considered for a moment that it was possible for them either to get away from their business, or, having got away, to take care of themselves in primitive circumstances, had discovered that both things were feasible and were enjoying the new discovery. And also outside of the mountains it would seem that half of California is in the open. For a month or so in the spring of the year every head of the family who owns the "jitney," a butcher delivery-wagon, and in some cases even a wheelbarrow, piles in his duffle and hies forth along the highways to gipsy

it under the open skies. This is true, although perhaps not to so great an extent, all over the United States. People are not only discovering the delights of open nature, but they are finding that she is not nearly as formidable as they had supposed. The essentials of comfortable life—food, shelter, warmth —are not as difficult to compass as the sheltered life had caused them to fear. And as for golf and similar sports, there can certainly be no need to elaborate the thesis. Any business man who is not off at least one or two afternoons of the week is now looked upon askance by his confréres as likely to crack up and so be a total loss in his business world.

All this tremendous change has, of course, found its expression as well as its lead in literature. The "sportsman's library" has become more than a "five-foot shelf." There are books of specialization down to the minutest hair of the smallest whisker of the littlest animal. There are books also dealing with the broad aspects of the out-of-door world as a beautiful and friendly thing.

A volume such as this should have its honored place on such a shelf. The last expression of what lies deep within a man's breast usually takes the form of poetry. When a general movement or tendency of any kind gets to the point of expressing itself in verse, it has then truly become a part of human life; perusing the typical and beautiful ex-

pressions of this tendency into this book, the reader cannot but be struck by the difference of that expression before and after the nineties. The earliest poems are rather like the conventional paintings on a French fan. They are cast in perfect lines. They express truly a deep feeling, but they have not yet acquired a distinctive form of their own. They are timid, restrained: one feels back of them a semi-apologetic attitude for caring for such things at all. You are exhorted to believe that things are not quite as bad as they might be. You are gently led to contemplate the fact that even enthusiasm about such matters is not unworthy a serious person. It is pointed out that classic forms suit the subject perfectly, and the privilege is left you of dusting off your boots and returning to the comfortable fireside immediately the little excursion is finished. You are apt to have been wearing "Lincoln green" and a feather in your cap at that. But with Kipling's Feet of the Young Men as a sort of dividing line, later verse takes an entirely new attitude and you don your khaki. It has a free, joyous, confident swing, as when one plunges from the highroad into the unbroken thicket. It does not care a whit for classic form. Often it makes its own form. It has even a little arrogance all of its own. And the best of it has a wind blowing through it that contains no taint of coal smoke.

And there is this late and final difference. The

earlier type calls upon one for to look and for to admire: the latter kind contains an inspiration and an urge to come and do likewise.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

BURLINGAME, CAL.
August 27, 1917

PREFACE

In compiling this anthology—the first American attempt to make a representative collection of camping and hunting verse—we have, like all pioneers, enjoyed certain advantages and labored under peculiar difficulties. In blazing a trail through modern sporting poetry, however, we have held fixed before us an ideal.

A double test has guided us in our selections for this volume. We have tried to exclude all poems not conceived in the true spirit of the sportsman and to include no poems devoid of literary merit. Accordingly, some beautiful poems, sure of their place in literature, have been omitted as poetry rather of the library lamp by the study fireplace than of the crackling camp-fire beneath the stars; and some verse, very true in its sporting spirit, has been discarded as doggerel.

We have wanted to make the collection representative of all "camp-fire sports," and in the following pages are poems of big-game hunting, of upland shooting, of water fowling; poems of camping, of canoeing, of exploring; poems of Maine,

the North Country and the Adirondacks, of Canada and the Northwest, of the Plains and the Rockies, of the alkali deserts and the frozen Northland, and a few poems of sport in foreign game fields.

Since the old Badminton collection no complete anthology of sport has appeared. Not only do the forms and customs of sport change, but the very spirit of the sportsman is tempered, and so, even disregarding the differences between the British and American points of view, there is a place for an American collection of sporting poetry. We hope, therefore, to follow this volume with others of this Verse of the Open Series, each one devoted to the verse of some allied sports, making a set that will be a complete American sporting anthology.

We are indebted to the following authors, publishers and magazines for their permissions to reprint in this volume copyrighted poems, courtesies that we appreciate and acknowledge gratefully:

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Dickens in Camp from Bret Harte's *Collected Works;* The Ruffed Grouse from Frank Bolles' *Chocorua's Tennants* (1895); two poems by Arthur Chapman from *Out Where the West Begins* (1917).

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McClure's Magazine, To a Wood Path by Florence Wilkinson.

Munsey's Magazine, Canoe Song of the North by Chester Firkins.

Recreation, Barley's Little Lake of Azure, Heimbach's Love of the Open, Pinkerton's Portage Trail, Judith Dudley's Gypsy Song.

Field and Stream, Pitt's Romance Trail, Staff's The Camp-fire Club, Bliss Carman's Camping Song, Gordon Johnstone's two poems.

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Outing, the two poems by C. L. Gilman and the poems by William Aubrey, Harry M. Dean, Cora Fenton, Thomas Foster, William Tyler Olcott, L. R. Sarett, Le Roy Tufts, and Charles Turner.

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WILLIAMS HAYNES
JOSEPH LE ROY HARRISON

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August 4, 1917

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CAMP-FIRE VERSE

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go, etc.

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the star-light on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the smokes of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—
Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies:
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to that shrine?
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line—
And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a lover,
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—
Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat brings the rover—
Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick! ah, heave the camp-kit over!
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go—away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!

RUDYARD KIPLING

CANOE SONG OF THE JOCKO

In the pathless woods where the Jocko flows,
Over the track where the bright sun glows,
Paddling afar in our birch canoe,
We are a care-free, jolly crew.
Out on the crest of the lake's clear wave,
Where the summer's wind sings bold and brave,
And the red deer come to the water's verge,
Onward our bark we urge.

Then, ho! for the life on the glad wave's crest!
Ho! for the bay where the sun fades west!
For the camp-fire's bright where we dream and rest
When we've beached our bark canoe.

Down through the shadows of silent streams
Where the alder grows and the lily gleams,
And the great moose wallow beneath the sun,
And the wolf steals out when the day is done,
And the loon's lone cry echoes weird and far
As the night unfolds with each brilliant star,
Light as the air we glide along
Singing our glad free song.

With the rod and the gun we range the wild;
Our meat is a fare that is undefiled:
The bass and the trout and the wild duck's breast,
And the brown ruffed-grouse—are not these the best?
A plunge in the lake at the dawn of light,
And a pipe by the camp-fire's glow at night,
A balsam bed where the soft winds sigh
And a dreamless sleep 'neath the sky.

ANDREW F. UNDERHILL

AN INDIAN WIND SONG

The wolf of the winter wind is swift,
And hearts are still and cheeks are pale,
When we hear his howl in the ghostly drift
As he rushes past on a phantom trail;
And all the night we huddle and fear,
For we know that his path is the path of Death,
And the flames burn low, when his steps are near,
And the dim hut reeks with his grave-cold breath.

The fawn of the wind of the spring is shy,
Her light feet rustle the sere, white grass,
The trees are roused as she races by,
In the pattering rain we hear her pass;
And the bow unstrung we cast aside,
While we winnow the golden, hoarded maize,
And the earth awakes with a thrill of pride
To deck her beauty for festal days.

The hawk of the summer wind is proud,
She circles high at the throne of the sun;
When the storm is fierce her scream is loud,
And the scorching glance of her eye we shun;

And oftentimes, when the sun is bright,
A silence falls on the choirs of song,
And the partridge shrinks in a wild affright,
Where a searching shadow swings along.

The hound of the autumn wind is slow,
He loves to bask in the heat and sleep,
When the sun through the drowsy haze bends low,
And frosts from the hills through the starlight creep;
But oftentimes he starts in his dreams,
When the howl of the winter wolf draws nigh,
Then lazily rolls in the gold-warm beams,
While the flocking birds to the south drift by.

PETER MCARTHUR

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's
nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding
sunsets blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green
stream streaking through it,
Searched the Vastness for a something you have
lost?
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for
God's sake go and do it;
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

Have you wandered in the wilderness, the sage-brush
desolation,
The bunch-grass levels where the cattle graze?
Have you whistled bits of rag-time at the end of all
creation,
And learned to know the desert's little ways?
Have you camped upon the foothills, have you
galloped o'er the ranges,

Have you roamed the arid sun-lands through and through?
Have you chummed up with the mesa? Do you know its moods and changes?
Then listen to the wild—it's calling you.

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed twig aquiver?
(Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies.)
Have you broken trail on snowshoes? mushed your huskies up the river,
Dared the unknown, led the way, and clutched the prize?
Have you marked the map's void spaces, mingled with the mongrel races,
Felt the savage strength of brute in every thew?
And though grim as hell the worst is, can you round it off with curses?
Then hearken to the Wild—it's wanting you.

Have you suffered, starved and triumphed, grovelled down, yet grasped at glory,
Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?
"Done things" just for the doing, letting babblers tell the story,
Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?
Have you seen God in His splendors, heard the text that nature renders?

(You'll never hear it in the family pew.)
The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things—
Then listen to the Wild—it's calling you.

They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with their preaching,
They have soaked you in convention through and through;
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit to their teaching—
But can't you hear the Wild?—it's calling you.
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide us;
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star agleam to guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling . . . let us go.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

CAMPING SONG

Has your dinner lost its savor?
  Has your greeting lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
  Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
  There's a way to lift your load,
With a horse and a saddle and a mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?
  Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion,
  Or a grim, unlovely sport?
There's a world of health and beauty,
  There's a help that cannot fail,
In a day behind the burros
  On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
  To a land that's free and large,
Where the rainless skies are resting
  On a snowy mountain marge.

When we camp in God's own country,
You will find yourself again,
With a fire and a blanket and the stars upon the plain!

BLISS CARMAN

TEA

From the faucets of the fountain and the bottles
of the bar
I've tried many fancy gargles, 'most as many as
there are,
But the drink that's first and foremost, if you put
it up to me,
Is the scalding can of ashes, swamp-juice, soot—
and tea.

At the take-off of the portage, when a man is damp
with toil,
Heat and deer-flies are forgotten, when the tea comes
to a boil.
In the silent winter muskeg, where the snow has hid
the trail,
Strength and hope and courage wait him with the
bubbling of the pail.

Propped with rocks beside the rapids, jabbed into
the forest mould,
Smoked and scorched, ten thousand tea-sticks, mark
the camp-sites of the bold.

Other drinks may please the townsman, do to flirt
with, now and then,
But, the Silent Places witness, tea's the drink that's
drunk by men.

C. L. GILMAN

THE SONG OF THE LAST BISON

Here me, ye smokeless skies and grass-green earth,
Since by your sufferance still I breathe and live!
Through you fond Nature gave me birth,
And food and freedom—all she had to give.
Enough! I grew, and with my kindred ranged
Their realm stupendous, changeless and unchanged,
Save by the toil of nations primitive,
Who throve on us, and loved our life-stream's roar,
And lived beside its wave, and camped upon its shore.

They loved us, and they wasted not. They slew,
With pious hand, but for their daily need;
Not wantonly, but as the due
Of stern necessity which Life doth breed.
Yea, even as earth gave us herbage meet,
So yielded we, in turn, our substance sweet
To quit the claims of hunger, not of greed.
So stood it with us that what either did
Could not be on the earth foregone, nor Heaven forbid.

And so, companioned in the blameless strife
Enjoined upon all creatures, small and great,
Our ways were venial, and our life
Ended in fair fulfilment of our fate.
No gold to them by sordid hands was passed;
No greedy herdsman housed us from the blast;
Ours was the liberty of regions rife
In winter's snow, in summer's fruits and flowers—
Ours were the virgin prairies, and their rapture ours!

So fared it with us both; yea, thus it stood
In all our wanderings from place to place,
Until the red man mixed his blood
With paler currents. Then arose a race—
The reckless hunters of the plains—who vied
In wanton slaughter for the tongue and hide,
To satisfy vain ends and longings base.
This grew; and yet we flourished, and our name
Prospered until the pale destroyer's concourse came.

Then fell a double terror on the plains,
The swift inspreading of destruction dire—
Strange men, who ravaged our domains
On every hand, and ringed us round with fire;
Pale enemies who slew with equal mirth
The harmless or the hurtful things of earth,
In dread fruition of their mad desire:
The ministers of mischief and of might,
Who yearn for havoc as the world's supreme delight.

So waned the myriads which had waxed before
When subject to the simple needs of men.
As yields to eating seas the shore,
So yielded our vast multitude, and then—
It scattered! Meagre bands, in wild dismay,
Were parted, and, for shelter, fled away
To barren wastes, to mountain gorge and glen.
A respite brief from stern pursuit and care,
For still the spoiler sought, and still he slew us there.

Hear me, thou grass-green earth, ye smokeless skies,
Since by your sufferance still I breathe and live!
The charity which man denies
Ye still would tender to the fugitive!
I feel your mercy in my veins—at length
My heart revives, and strengthens with your strength—
Too late, too late, the courage ye would give!
Naught can avail these wounds, this failing breath,
This frame which feels, at last, the wily touch of death.

Here must the last of all his kindred fall;
Yet, midst these gathering shadows, ere I die—
Responsive to an inward call,
My spirit fain would rise and prophesy.
I see our spoilers build their cities great
Upon our plains—I see their rich estate:
The centuries in dim procession fly!

Long ages roll, and then at length is bared
The time when they who spared not are no longer
spared.

Once more my vision sweeps the prairies wide,
But now no peopled cities greet the sight;
All perished, now, their pomp and pride:
In solitude the wild wind takes delight.
Naught but the vacant wilderness is seen,
And grassy mounds, where cities once had been.
The earth smiles as of yore, the skies are bright,
Wild cattle graze and bellow on the plain,
And savage nations roam o'er native wilds again.

CHARLES MAIR

THE CAMP-FIRE CLUB

To shield the forests from men's blighting hands,
And guard the trees that Nature's hand has placed
Upon the hills, that all our wooded lands
May not become a bleak and barren waste.

To fight for game laws sensible and just;
To keep the streams from black pollution free;
This is their vow—this is their sacred trust
Throughout the countless years that are to be!

GEORGE B. STAFF

TO MY .450

"Let lovesick swains
In Cupid's chains
  Bound fast, prate of their blisses,
And rave and swear
Naught can compare
  With soft vows, sealed with kisses.

"Let Britons bold
The maxim hold
  That cricket's life's elixir;
No greater bliss
To them than this—
  'Well hit! By jove, a sixer!'

"Let Scots proclaim
The 'royal game
  Of golf' without a rival;
And quaff a brew
Of mountain dew
  To welcome its revival.

"Let some opine
That joy divine

Is found in thee, lawn-tennis;
Pat ball at best,
And I protest
That joy beyond my ken is.

"But what are these,
Which others please,
To us, who know the measure
Of bliss past speech
Which those can reach,
Who count thee first, my treasure.

"Then while kind fate
To hold thee straight
Gives me the power, I'll stifle
All love, save love
Of thy bright groove—
My little, trusty rifle!"

F. W. Fletcher

THE RAPID

All peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing,
The indolent batteau moved slowly along,
The rowers, light-hearted,
From sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
"Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way!
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

More swiftly careering,
The wild rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them,
No terrors affright them,
Their voices keep pace with the quickening speed:
"Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily
Shivers its arrows against us in play!
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side.
Yon rock—see it frowning!
They strike—they are drowning!
But downward they speed with the merciless tide;
No voice cheers the rapid, that angrily, angrily
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

CHARLES SANGSTER

THE OLD DRUMMIN' LOG

Many autumns now have vanished since my brother
Tim and I,
While a-milkin' in the mornin', jest as day was
drawin' nigh,
Heard a bit of pleasant music kinder floatin' through
the fog;
'Twas the boomin' of a pa'tridge on a well-known
drummin' log.

Quick we left the tiresome milkin', skippin' quickly
from the stall;
Softly stole into the kitchen, took the musket from
the wall;
Then we hustled off like Injuns on a light and
stealthy jog,
Down toward the cheerin' music wafted from the
drummin' log.

On all fours we went a-creepin' fer a dozen rod
or more,
Gettin' thistle in our fingers, an' our breeches
badly tore;

But we slid along with caution, through the damp and through the fog,
Fer we heard the steady boomin' comin' from the drummin' log.

Then we did some cautious peekin' through a clump of little trees;
Gee! there set our feathered drummer, jest as perky as you please;
So we shoved the faithful musket 'cross a hummock in the bog,
Allers keepin' of our optics glued upon the drummin' log.

Glancin' straight along the barrel, brother took a careful sight,
While we almost quit a-breathin' lest the bird should take a flight;
Then the shooter pressed the trigger, all his faculties agog,
An' the smoke went rollin' forward to'rd the big old drummin' log.

With our hearts jest fairly bumpin', off we started on a run
To pick up our splendid pa'tridge, never stoppin' for the gun—

Jumpin' Jinks! what disappointment! all our bright
hopes slipped a cog;
'Twas a knot that we had peppered on that cussed
drummin' log.

Then the pa'tridge jest up an' flew.

BRAD L. HUBERT

THE HUNTER IN CAMP

O! the bountiful sense of freedom that sweeps through the hunter's breast
When the tramp of the day is over and he dreamily lies at rest
In the glow of the blazing camp-fire, that stabs at the robe of night,
And points at the gathering shadows with fingers of cherry light.

The smoke from his pipe curls upward in wreathings of vaporish gray,
And chases the sparks from the pine knots that snap in defiant way
As he lies in his well-worn blankets and lazily takes his ease
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

He dreams of the world out yonder, but never an envious thought
Finds a place in his brawny bosom; to him the great world is naught

But a whirlpool of care and trouble, from whose ever-gathering ills
He fled to his life of freedom and peace in the towering hills.

He accepts no man as his master, he is king of his wild domain.
There is none to challenge his power, there is none to dispute his reign
As he lists to the night's weird voices borne down on the whispering breeze,
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

Those voices to him are as music; the cry of the crag-perched owl,
The spiteful squall of the wildcat, the dog-wolf's resounding howl,
The voice of protest from the cougar from mouth of its cavernous den,
As the smoke of his fire arises from his camp in the hidden glen.

With never a thought of danger, he lies in his blanket bed,
His coat of canvas the pillow supporting his drowsy head

As he watches the white clouds drifting through limitless azure seas
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

O! where is the life so peaceful, so free from the fangs of care?
With never a thought of the morrow—no thought of the fruit it may bear.
His bedfellow but his rifle, a friend that he never knew
To fail in the hour of danger—no animate friend more true.

He studies the jewel beauties set high in the arching skies
Till the finger of sleep softly touches the lids of his weary eyes,
And sweet are the dreamland visions the eye of his slumber sees,
Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

James Barton Adams

THE WAIL OF THE GUIDE

Yo' city chaps comes ter th' woods
With yo' new-fangled guns,
'N 'low yo' prime ter shoot th' hide
Off anything 'et runs!—

Yo' grumble at the grub I cook,
Yo' shirk at rain 'r fog,
'N when yo've nathin' else ter do
Yo' tease 'n kick my dog.

Who cleans yo' guns 'n tends th' camp?
Who built that 'ere canoe?
You think yo'd larn them tricks in books,
'N maybe larn me, too.

There ain't no guide in seven states
Kin track a moose like me,
'N I kin smell a caribou
As fer as yo' kin see;

I'd like ter see yo' tote th' load
O' stuff yo' make me pack,
From lake ter lake along th' run—
Yo' break yo' dog-goned back.

Who keeps yo' out o' traps 'n snares?
  Who calls yo' moose 'n deer?
Who showed yo' whar ter find a b'ar
  That day yo' run so queer?—

Don't guy yo' country guide, my friend,
  Tho' he don't know yo' creed—
Thar's heaps o' things man kin larn
  As well as larn ter read.

FREDERIC COLBURN CLARKE

MISS PIXIE

Did you ever meet Miss Pixie of the Spruces?
Did you ever glimpse her mocking elfin face?
Did you ever hear her calling while the whip-poor-wills were calling,
And slipped your pack and taken up the chase?

Her feet are clad in moccasins and beads.
Her dress? Oh, next to nothing! Though undressed,
Her slender arms are circled round with vine
And dusky locks cling close about her breast.

Red berries droop below each pointed ear;
Her nut-brown legs are criss-crossed white with scratches;
Her merry laughter sifts among the pines;
Her eager face gleams pale from milk-weed patches.

And though I never yet have reached her hand—
God knows I've tried with all my heart's desire;—
One morning just at dawn she caught me sleeping
And with her soft lips touched my soul with fire.

And once when camping near a foaming rip,
Lying wide-eyed beneath the milky stars,
Sudden I heard her voice ring sweet and clear,
Calling my soul beyond the river bars.

Dear, dancing Pixie of the wind and weather,
Aglow with love and merriment and sun,
I chase thee down my dreams, but catch thee never—
God grant I catch thee ere the trail is done!

Did you ever meet Miss Pixie of the Thickets,
Where the scarlet leaves leap tinkling from your feet?
Have you ever heard her calling while a million feet were falling,
And a million lights were crowding all the street?

"JOY TO THEE, MY BRAVE CANOE"

Joy to thee, my brave canoe,
There's no wing so swift as you;
Right and left the bubbles rise,
Right and left the pine wood flies;
Birds and clouds and tide and wind,
We shall leave ye all behind.

Joy to thee, my brave canoe,
There's no wing so swift as you,
Joy to thee, my brave canoe,
There's no wing so swift as you.

Gently, now, my brave canoe,
Keep your footing sure and true,
For the rapid close beneath
Leaps and shouts his song of death;
Now one plunge and all is done;
Now one plunge, the goal is won.

Joy to thee, my brave canoe,
There's no wing so swift as you,
Joy to thee, my brave canoe,
There's no wing so swift as you.

FRENCH-CANADIAN VOYAGEUR'S SONG

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
  That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
  That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
  That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
  That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
  That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
  That's where the West begins.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

THE PANTHER'S TRAIL

Night's sombre mantle hangs uncertain in the sky
As if 'twere all-unwilling and ashamed
To clothe earth's majesty in nothingness.
The stillness clutches at my throat; no sound
Breaks on my ear, save nature's mystic silence.
A sense akin to fear seizes upon my soul
As with hushed breath I enter these vast solitudes.

Some wild beast here has faintly marked a path
Through briar, brush and tangled vine;
With trembling hand I push aside
The interfering branches of the bending trees
And follow the devious trail. But not for long;
Beyond yon bend the gloom shuts out the line—
The desecrating foot of man forbids.
And as mine eyes search hard the desolate gloom
That lies like a funeral pall across the trail,
My mind, half-awed, fills into dreamy moods
And rends the future's veil from these primeval
woods.

Lo! fancy pictures to the view the broad
And length'ning highway of a future age

Where now the panther treads his lonely round;
Here a great city'll rear its tow'ring spires,
The home of trade and traffic far and near,
And civ'lization's crimes and brutal ways;
Here men will buy and sell, and cheat and steal,
And women barter their souls for gold and baubles;
Here pride and hate and lust and murder will
hold sway;
Here men will upbuild gilded palaces
And call them churches, and with swelling pride
Proclaim aloud: "This is a Christian land!"—
While th' humble Nazarene will bow His lowly head
And weep in sorrow and in shame without the door!

Ah, better far a cycle of God's solitudes
Than one day of man's brutal empire. This
Green earth, these lordly trees were when he was
not; they
Will be when he will be forgotten save by Him
Who gave him a brief span of breath and futile life!

ALEXANDER NICOLAS DE MENIL

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN'S RUGGED STEEP

Climbing the mountain's rugged steep,
I wake each day my faith to keep:
Believe my soul that God is near
When stars gleam from the azure clear,
Thy windows open to'rd the blue
While God's pure light is streaming through.

Be sure, my soul, this faith to keep,
Climbing the mountain's rugged steep.
Be sure, my soul, this faith to keep,
Climbing the mountain's rugged steep.

And thus, my soul, through din and strife
As mountaineer reflect in life:
That trees defy the storm's cold wrath
And heather bounds the snowy path;
That more than these should man be brave
His pure heart's love to hold and save.

EDMOND S. MEANY

THE MOOSE CALL

The autumn sun sinks low
  Behind the wall of sombre fir
And paints with yellow glow
  The mirror'd surface of the lake.
With face upturned and ear
  Attuned to catch the very breath
Of dying day and year
  The Indian hunter stands and snifts
The stillness far and near.

Close to the hunter's side
  The trusty paddle's season'd blade.
By rip and torrent tried,
  Now steady holds the frail canoe,
While rests upon his knee
  The rudely twisted coil of bark—
Himself so still the tree
  Against the fading Autumn sky
Is not more still then he.

At the gloomy edge
  Of the forest dark a muskrat,
Sporting in the sedge,

Chippers to its dusky mate;
From out the misty hill
A night owl's lonesome cry is heard—
A cry that sends a chill
Of fear through beast and sleeping bird—
Then all again is still.

Hark! the hunter starts!
A sound borne softly on the air
The mighty stillness parts
And makes the hunter's heart beat fast.
Tender, low, it thrills
The listening hunter's inmost soul:
Yet resonant, it fills
The valley with an echo from
The everlasting hills!

EDWIN TAPPAN ADNEY

OUR CAMP-FIRE

With many a sea-worn fragment
  Of vessels, once stout and brave,
We piled the glowing camp-fire,
  By the tranquil summer wave.

And we shouted as the red flames
  Leaped out toward the moonlit sea,
And we danced in the spectral shadows
  With a long-forgotten glee.

The camp-fire has sunk into ashes,
  Its embers are dead and cold,
The songs that we sung are silent,
  The tales that we love are told.

And though moons as bright may glisten
  O'er the waves by whose shores we lay,
No more shall we watch them quiver
  On the breast of the land-locked bay.

For, like the drift-wood embers,
  Our souls have smouldered down,
From the glory of sea and wildwood
  To the dull, sad ways of the town.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

SYLVAN SEDUCTIONS

Did you ever lounge in your easy chair, by the
light of the fading day,
With the embers aglow with a dying flame as the
last log burns away,
While without the mournful storm you hear, with
its driving sleet and rain,
While your thoughts are filled with the dear old days
that we've passed in the woods of Maine?

Did you dream of the woods—the camp, the lake
the gurgling song of the stream,
Of the stately mountain embraced by the clouds,
and kissed by the sun's last gleam;
Of the days when you patiently whipped the brook,
alluring the lusty trout,
Or stealthily crept through the shady woods, putting
many a deer to rout?

Did you think of the journey in frail canoe with its
poetry, excitement and charm;
Of the rush through the hissing rapid below; of
the dead-water, peaceful and calm:

Of the long weird cry of the lonely loon sounding
out o'er the lake at night;
The drum of the partridge away in the woods;
the whistling deer in his fright?

Did the moonlit night on the glassy lake return as
a spectre of yore,
With the rounded hills and the sentinel pines
bounding the darkened shore?
Did the cheerful camp-fire, blazing bright, enable
you there to see
Forms stretched out on the soft, green moss, well
known to you and me?

Then as the last glowing ember fades, and the
hearth grows dim and cold,
And you break from the mystic ties in which you've
found yourself enrolled,
You pray with a fervent prayer that you may
sometime see again
The good old times and the dear old days that
we've passed in the woods of Maine.

LeBaron C. Colt

PROGRESS IN THE RANGELEYS

There's a telephone and ping-pong up at Grant's,
And a square piano near the beaver's haunts,
    And they play you "Rip Van Winkle"
    With an airy fairy tinkle,
While the rising moon the silver lake enchants.

There are spiral springs and linen on the bed
And a white and soothing pillow for your head;
    There are napkins when you eat
    And three dishes with the meat,
And a comfortable feeling when you're fed.

For the good old times of tent and boughs are past,
Noisy Progress is a-coming mighty fast;
    Farewell to trail and bog
    And the lean-to made of log,—
Trackless wilderness and days too good to last!

Oh, the memories that vanished trails inspire—
Quiet pools and jumping fish to your desire!
    It's the wily trout you missed
    And the girl you lost, but kissed,
You remember when you smoke before the fire.

Through the woods the rattling engine screams and
pants,
From Bill Soule's to Kennebago they advance;
And the irritating whistle
Is heard 'mid birch and thistle;
Soon the brakeman will hello, "All out for Grant's!"

ROBERT BRIDGES

CANOE SONG AT TWILIGHT

Down in the west the shadows rest,
  Little gray wave, sing low, sing low!
With a rhythmic sweep o'er the gloomy deep
  Into the dusk of the night we go,
    And the paddles dip and lift and slip,
    And the drops fall back with a pattering drip;
The wigwams deep of the spirits of sleep
Are pitched in the gloom of the headland steep—
  Wake not their silence as you go,
  Little gray wave, sing low, sing low!

From your porch on high where the clouds go by,
  Little white moon, look down, look down!
'Neath night's shut-lid the stars are hid,
  And the last late bird to his nest has flown.
    The slow waves glide and sink and slide
    And rise in ripples along the side;
The loons call low in the marsh below,
Night weaves about us her magic slow—
  Ere the last faint gleam in our wake be gone,
  Little white moon, look down, look down!

LAURA E. MCCULLY

THE CALL

Have you heard the calling, calling, of the Distance,
Through the purple reaches where the mountains wait;
With Dreamland round their shoulders, where the sunset fire smoulders—
Oh, the guarding Distance calls us from their gate.

In the morning it entices with the sunrise,
In the evening it is urging through the gold;
We must heed the sweet insistence, for this mystic blue-veiled Distance
Hides our wished-for land of Dreams within its hold.

We will cinch the saddle tighter, tie the strings of wide sombrero,
While the mists about the top are gray and dim;
With the eager trail uptrending, and the morning sky low bending—
Oh, the evening star will we see o'er the rim.

When the wind blows thin and keen about the summit,
And the camp-fire sparkles warm upon the brim,
On a couch of pine boughs fragrant, who would scorn to be a vagrant,
And follow when the Distance calls to him?

CORA D. FENTON

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS

In the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flashing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading, but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
His untamed will his law.
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and woodcraft; of nothing afraid:
As a free Coureur-de-Bois.

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,
Were equally welcome, and made some amend
For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend
"To shorten one's life, *ma foi!*"

A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take—
Some dusky maid—to his camp by the lake;
A rattling, roving, rollicking rake
This gay Coureur-de-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.
A child of nature, untutored in art,
In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done,
Salût! Coureur-de-Bois.

SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS

AWAY! TO THE WOODLANDS AWAY!

Tune: "Away to the Stubbles!"

The leaves o'er the lea are careering,
  The last rose of summer is dead;
And jocund October is cheering
  His friends with the ale-cup instead.
Our efforts in vain we redouble,
  The partridge gets wilder each day;
The farmer up-gathers the stubble—
  Then let's go to the woodlands away.

No sound, but the cry of the plover,
  Is heard, or the wild duck's afar,
As early we on to the cover,
  The pheasant's gay plumage to mar.
Let Sloth on his down bed be rolling,
  Be ours through the meadows to stray,
All blithe as the carol we're trolling—
  "Away! to the woodlands away!"

By the old holly-bush, where, up-gushing,
  The burn of the valley breaks forth,
The woodcock, ere long, we'll be flushing,
  The stranger that comes from the North.

The sports of each season delight us,
  Not less of July than of May;
Then why, when October invites us,
  Why not to the woodlands away?

At eve, Dash and Rover beside us,
  What mortals more happy than we?
The sorrows that yet may betide us,
  Why seek in the distance to see?
Enough for the steady and sober
  To antedate winter's cold ray!
We'll bumper the glass to October,
  And shout, "To the woodlands away!"

HENRY BRANDRETH

CAMPING SONG

Sing ho, for a camp on the mountain-top
With the breezes briskly blowing,
Where long and bright the red sunlight
Comes over the valley glowing!

And ho, for a camp in the valley lands
Beside a writhing river,
Whose silent flow of waters slow
Goes endless on forever!

Sing ho, for a camp on a sheltered shore
With the lake before it shining,
And a narrow strand of silvery sand
The water's margin lining!

Then ho, for a camper's life so free!
Sing ho, for its joys unending,
With the golden haze of the summer days
All Nature's glories blending!

FRANK FARRINGTON

THE SONG OF THE WOOD'S DOG-WATCH

'Tis the weirdly witching hour of the wood's "dog-watch,"
When the guide suspends the kettle in the ash-limb crotch,
Stirs the drowsy, drowsy embers till the cozy fire beams
And flickers dance like gnomes and elves athwart the glowing dreams
Of the sleeping town-bred fisher who is stretched with placid soul
On the earth in sweeter slumber than his town couch can cajole.
Ah, 'tis tough on bone and muscle, in this chasing after fun—
And a sleeper gets to sleeping forty knots along 'bout one.
But the guide is up a-stirring—monstrous shape with flaring torch,
Prodding up the dozing fire for the wood's "dog-watch."
And the slow unclosing eyelids of the startled dreamer see
This dreadful apparition thrown in shadows on a tree.

And his heart for just a second goes to skirruping about
As it flopped when he was wrestling with that five-three-quarter trout.
But the ogre leaves the shadows, leans against a handy tree
And remarks: "The water's bilin'; won't ye have a cup o' tea?"
And he wakes to a night of the fisherman's June,
—Afar the weird lilt of the dolorous loon
Floats up from the heart of the fair, velvet night—
A globule of sound winging slow in its flight.
As elfin a note as a gnome ever blew,
It wells from the waters, "Ah-loo-hoo-ah-hoo-o-o-o."
O spell of the forest! O glimmer and gleam
From the sheen of the lake and the mist-breathing stream!
The night and the stars and the dolorous loon
Make mystic the spell of the fisherman's June.

The spruces sing the lyric of the wood's dog-watch;
The kettle as it bubbles in the ash limb's crotch,
The rustle of the spindles of the hemlock and the pine,
The crackle where the licking tongues of ruddy fire twine,
The oboe, in the distance, of the weird and lonesome loon,
—This chorus sings the lyric of the blessed month of June.

What June? Your June of meadows or your June
of scented breeze,
Or your June begirt with roses stretched in hammock
at her ease?
Such a deity for maidens! I can bow to no such
June!
I extol the mystic goddess of the Forest's Silent
Noon.
—Noon of day or noon of night-time—in the vast
and silent deeps,
Where human care or human woe or human envy
sleeps,
Where rugged depths surround me, dim and silent,
deep and wide,
And no human shares my joy but that second self,
my guide.
—Here's a June that one can worship. Here's a
June by right a queen,
'Neath her hand eternal mountains, 'neath her feet
eternal green.
And here will I adore her, seeking out her awful
throne,
With the silence swimming round me, and alone,
thank God, alone!

HOLMAN F. DAY

WAYFARER OF EARTH

Up, heart of mine,
Thou wayfarer of Earth!
Of seed divine,
Be mindful of thy birth.
Though the flesh faint
Through long-endured constraint
Of nights and days,
Lift up thy praise
To Life, that set thee in such strenuous ways,
And left thee not
To drowse and rot
In some thick-perfumed and luxurious plot.

Strong, strong is Earth,
With vigor for thy feet,
To make thy wayfaring
Tireless and fleet.
And good is Earth—
But Earth not all thy good,
O thou with seed of suns
And star-fire in thy blood.

And though thou feel
The slow clog of the hours
Leaden upon thy heel,
Put forth thy powers.
Thine the deep sky,
The unpreëmpted blue,
The haste of storm,
The hush of dew.
Thine, thine the free
Exalt of star and tree,
The reinless run
Of wind and sun,
The vagrance of the sea!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast;
I wooed thee long but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I,

Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now,
The eddies circle my bow!
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel—
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid; we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

E. Pauline Johnson

MORNING IN THE NORTH-WEST

Gray countries and grim empires pass away,
And all the pomp and glory of citied towers
Goes down to dust, as Youth itself shall age.
But O, the splendour of this autumn dawn,
This passes not away! This dew-drenched Range,
This infinite great width of open space,
This cool keen wind that blows like God's own breath
On life's once drowsy coal, and thrills the blood,
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,
This virginal vast dome of opal air—
These, these endure, and greater are than grief!
Still there is strength: and life, oh, life is good!
Still the horizon lures, and morrow calls,
Still hearts adventurous seek outward trails,
Still life holds up its tattered hope!

For here
Is goodly air, and God's own greenness spread!
Here youth audacious fronts the coming day
And age on life ne'er mountainously lies!
Here are no huddled cities old in sin,
Where coil in tangled langours all the pale
Envenomed mirths that poisoned men of old,

Where peering out with ever-narrowing eyes
Reptilious Ease unwinds its golden scales
And slimes with ugliness the thing it eats!
Here life takes on a glory and a strength
Of things still primal, and goes plunging on!
And what care I of time-encrusted tombs,
What care I here for all the ceaseless drip
Of tears in countries old in tragedy?
What care I here for all Earth's creeds outworn,
The dreams outlived, the hopes to ashes turned,
In that old East so dark with rain and doubt?
Here life swings glad and free and rude, and I
Shall drink it to the full, and go content!

ARTHUR STRINGER

AN OLD HUNTER'S DAY DREAM

There's a stillness in the woodland
When the leaves with brown are kissed,
When the sunlight warms the hillside,
And we dream of friends long missed;
When the birds sing low and mournful
After mating-time is o'er,
And the nests are all forsaken
By the songsters that they bore.

Fleecy clouds across the heavens,
Autumn haze hangs round the hills,
Squirrels chatter in the tree-tops,
Sweetly sing the mountain rills.
Partridge drums in hazel thicket,
Calling, calling to his mate;
Air is full of brown leaves falling,
Leaving tree-tops desolate.

Comes the deer from yonder thicket,
Where in hiding he has been,
Softly steps into the water,
Fearful—looking down the glen,

Head erect, ears keen for noises—
What a picture there he makes,
Standing, listening like a sentry,
But to vanish in the brakes.

As the camp-fire flickers dimly,
Slowly dying, burning low,
Darker shadows creep about me,
But the stars begin to glow;
Gently sings the running water
By my camp beneath the trees,
And I hear the soothing rustle,
As the night wind stirs the leaves.

Gun and dog, my worldly treasures,
Friends of many days like these,
Close beside me, always trusty,
With me there beneath the trees.
From the hilltops to the valleys
I have roamed the woods afar,
Going forth in quest of pleasure,
Sleeping 'neath the evening star.

Visions these of many Autumns
When the smoky haze comes down,
Shutting out the far horizon,
Shutting in the sleepy town.

Days so full of gorgeous glory,
  Touching ev'ry field and hill,
Painting there the wondrous story
  Of God's magic hand and will.

Hand that paints the fields with beauty,
  Skill that decorates the hills,
Sends the water gushing from them,
  Pent in rivers, creeks and rills;
Touches leaves with brown and gold hue,
  Makes the flowers with color bright,
Guards us all with watchful kindness
  Through the long and solemn night.

On the bank of lake or river,
  Often when the sun was low,
Built I there my camp and camp-fire,
  Watched the shadows come and go,
Dreaming dreams with fancy laden—
  Dreams I've often dreamed before—
Harking back to other woodlands,
  Other days that come no more.

So again to-night I'm thinking,
  Days of youth, of dog and gun,
Days of sport in times now olden,
  Long before life's span was run.
All that's left is reminiscence,

Mem'ry's tale of camp-fires bright,
Thrill of hunt, the tang of woods—all
Gone, for me, mere dreams to-night.

J. S. WHIPPLE

A LITTLE LAKE OF AZURE

Not for me the rolling oceans, not for me the booming seas,
But a little lake of azure fringed about with stately trees,
Where the bass are jumping gayly with a flash of silver scales,
Where it isn't far to shelter from the sudden gusty gales;
I have little love for tumult, and the sea's eternal roar
Wearies me with constant thunder as it breaks along the shore,
Let me hear the soft winds sighing and the song the robin trills
Round my little lake of azure hidden deep among the hills.

Just a little lake of azure where the wake of my canoe
Shows in tiny crinkling wavelets on the clear pellucid blue,

And the "chuckle" of the paddle as I swiftly slide along
Seems to find a gurgling echo in some careless warbler's song;
Water full of laughing ripples, air suffused with faint perfume
Sort of mingled of the forest and some distant meadow's bloom;
One man loves the mountain torrents, others rave of "purling rills,"
But for me a lake of azure hidden deep among the hills.

Just a little lake of azure and a friend I love to share
Something of the warm contentment I am always finding there,
Something I can smoke and talk to, some one never sapped of joy,
Some one not afraid of nature, not afraid to be a boy;
Who can swim the waters with me, fish or laze or row or tramp,
Who can swing an easy paddle, who knows how to make a camp;
Give me such a bonny comrade—all my longing he fulfills—
At my little lake of azure hidden deep among the hills.

BERTON BRALEY

OVER THE DECOYS

Low lies the tawny marsh, and lily-pads,
All crisped and wrinkled by the Autumn sun,
Swing lazily along the sighing reeds;
And rudely against the rising sun
The ever-restless waters ripple up,
Prying amid the rushes, and again,
Upon the roots of dwarfish willow stubs,
Lapping and lapping like a thirsty hound;
And in an open space beyond the reeds,
Riding, like corks, the little ruffled waves,
Decoys are seen, those fateful wooden lures
That draw the passing ducks from cloudy heights
Down, down, and down until the sportman's aim
Sends consternation to their scattered ranks;
And at the edges of the cat-tails tall,
Among the rushes and the spatter-dock,
A hunter waits, all watchful, in the "blind,"
Whose rough, artistic tracing seems to be,
With all its tangled drapery of reeds,
Wild rice and grass, and leaning willow-branch—
Like elfin work of nature and the winds.
Mark! far adown the distant line of trees

A narrow, dusky ribbon is revealed,
That nearer comes, and as it comes unfolds,
And shows in all their symmetry of form
A flock of ducks outlined upon the sky,
Curving and wheeling in the morning light.
And as they near the hunter's ambuscade
They turn, they stoop, while he, with muscles set
And tense as steel, and eager, shining eyes,
Sits like a stone, his gun within his hands.
The winds are hushed. Ah! what a picture that—
The bluebills settling to the still decoys!

ERNEST MCGAFFEY

HUNTER'S SONG

When the knowing robins build,
  With love calls, all the day,
Then you'll hear a ditty trilled—
  Ho, Jenny's calling, hie away!

Hark! with rifle hanging high,
  The tramping dogs chained home,
Now, my cabin, now, good-by,
  It's home, my Jenny, girl, I come!—

Mighty shy, your maiden's love,
  Enough the faintest sound:
For every stream that runs above,
  A thousand trickle underground.

First I'll wound her—shame, the crime!—
  Hang low, you pretty head:
Jenny, girl, the sweet wild thyme
  Is sweeter for the hunter's tread.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

HAVE YOU?

Have you ever built a camp-fire at the closing of the day?
Have you sat and watched the embers glowing red?
With your scanty supper finished and the things all cleared away,
Have you sat and smoked and thought about your bed?
Of the bed you left behind you in the dwelling-place of man,
In the much o'er-furnished room you knew of yore;
Ere you sought the silent places where a fellow learns he can
Do a lot of things he never did before?

Have you ever spread a blanket down beneath the star-strewn skies?
Rolled yourself within its cozy folds to sleep,
At the base of mighty mountains, with their peaks that rise and rise?
Have you known the age-old silence that they keep?

Have you seen the red sun climbing up the eastern
slope? Then know
You will ne'er forget those rugged, happy days.
What! You've never known the glory of the new-
born day? Then go—
It's a road that's hard to travel—but it pays.

HARRY M. DEAN

GYPSY SONG

Glad am I of Life, my Lad;
I love the great world round,
The scent of grass, the songs of birds,
The river's rush and bound.
The trees that sing in the wind, Lad,
The stars by night, the sun by day,
And You beside me on the Road,
Over the world and away.

I snap my fingers at Worry,
And laugh in the face of Care,
I'm clad in rags and glad of them.
The breezes dress my hair,
Flowers are my jewels,
A pool my mirror bright;
And after the day's long wander,
A bed of boughs at night.

With your two arms about me,
I wake when the first bird sings,
And the squandering sun o'er the hillsides,
A new, gold day wide flings.

Then up, for the Road is calling,
To the trail we are ever true;
I dance with the wind and sing, Lad,
Laugh and am loved by You!

JUDITH DUDLEY

THE OLD CANOE

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide,
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half-sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,

Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up in the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with a careless hand
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.

But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the sweet grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

ALBERT PIKE

A TASTE O' MAINE

The tote-road beckons through the pines!
To packs and trails again!
Come, "Bucko"! drop your drear designs
And take a taste o' Maine!

Your legs may weary of the tramp,
Your shoulders stiffen, sore;
But there'll be balm in every camp
When the day's jaunt is o'er!

And then how good the coffee 'll smell!
How good the trout and bacon!
For every joy a blessed bell
Of memory will awaken!

The music that the mart has stilled
Will bubble up again—
Come, "Bucko," boy! the kits are billed;
We'll take a taste o' Maine!

LEROY MELVILLE TUFTS

THE UNNAMED LAKE

It sleeps among the thousand hills
  Where no man ever trod,
And only nature's music fills
  The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
  Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
  The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
  Go there in Spring to weep,
And there, when Autumn days are done,
  White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
  The pinks of ageless stone,
Her winds have thundered from of old
  And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
  Disturb it night or day,
The sun and shadow, moon and star,
  Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the gray of early dawn,
When first the lake we spied,
And fragments of a cloud were drawn
Half down the mountain-side.

Along the shore a heron flew,
And from a speck on high,
That hovered in the deepening blue,
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
No sound the silence broke,
Save when, in whispers down the woods,
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

THE JOYS OF FOWLING

Of all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to beat the stubble-fields
Quite early in September:
A brace of pointers, staunch and true,
A gun that kills whate'er I view,
I care not whether old or new,
Are things one must remember.

Old Ponto makes a famous point,
As marble stiff, in ev'ry joint.
I cautiously proceed,
When quickly up the covey fly—
Bang, bang—both barrels then I try—
And lo! a brace before me lie,
The shooter's richest meed.

If hares I want for friends in town,
I can tell where to knock them down
Within the furze-brush cover.
As leash I bag, then homeward go,
My spirits all in joyous flow,
And more delight, I'm sure, I know,
Than doth a beauty's lover.

In wintry woods, when leaves are dead,
And hedges beam with berries red,
The pheasant is my spoil.
Fenc'd with high gaiters out I go,
And beat through tangled bushes low;
Each joy of mine my spaniels know,
Through wand'ring many a mile.

At night return'd, my bag well fill'd,
Perchance four brace of pheasants kill'd,
I sit me down in peace,
And envy not ambition's cares,
Nor e'en the crown a monarch wears,
Such joys as mine he seldom shares—
Oh, may that joy ne'er cease.

OLD ENGLISH SONG

TO MY CAMPING FRIEND

So, in defiance of all our time-worn ways
Compelling us to homes of brick and mortar,
Thou, on the broad hillside, thy tent must raise
Where golden gorse and purple heather blaze,
True Mother Nature's Child! — her camping daughter.

They call *me*, with a cup of tea, at seven!
And, even so, complainingly I rise!
Whilst thou, dear maid, in the pink flush of Heaven,
Face sun-bathed, feet dew-washed, and hair wind-driven,
Scornest such poor conventionalities.

Birds to thy call shall come. The linnets shy,
Watch for thy feet through furze and bracken gleaming;
And thou shalt understand the curlew's cry,
The jay's harsh note, the thrush's melody,
The wood owl's hoot, around thy place of dreaming.

Nor fear—nor loneliness—shall thee oppress,
For Nature's heart is large, and very kind:
She shall unfold to thee her mysteries,
And thou, as wise as any Socrates,
Shall learn her laws, and her companions find.

Perchance, when under Heaven's star-lighted dome,
Like a white nun, for absolution kneeling,
Thou'lt send a prayer to the wide skies for some
Who, like myself, rest in prim Villadom,
Protected by four walls and a square ceiling.

ELIZABETH KIRK

A NIGHT SONG OF THE CAMP

Spread your blankets round the camp-fire, where
the leaping flames aspire,
And the sparks fly up to greet old ruddy Mars;
Catch the music of the night wind stirring soft each
leafy lyre,
As it breathes fraternal whispers from the stars.

Watch the stiff "old family" mulleins nod their
heads athwart the dark
Like the pride of aristocracy decayed;
While the working Sinnissippi moves along without
remark,
Turning wheels,—yet bearing sky and richer
shade.

For the whip-poor-will's sweet sorrow lean a sympa-
thetic ear
As below the bluff it calls remote and sad;
While the katydid keeps harping on its one rough
note severe,
And the crickets pipe their chorus clear and
glad.

And above the sounds of night-time list the story's
ghostly end,
When the teller's gruesome voice grows low and
strange;
Nor forget to swell the laughter, like a friend that
helps a friend,
At the joke that only friends can interchange.

As the reddened embers crumble in the ashes gray
and soft,
And the watchful stars wink faster in the sky,
Lend a voice in fullest measure to the song that
goes aloft
When the campers sing the joys that never die:

O the fire-flash and the star-dust and the wind among
the leaves,
And the mystery of all the secret night;
And the beauty close about us that our mother Nature
weaves,
And the sweetness that she pours for our delight!

HORACE SPENCER FISKE

HUNTER'S MOON

When the hunter's moon imperious
Shines on mountainside and glen,
Then a fellow feels delirious
With the joy of life again.
Gone are heat-waves, dog-days, thunder,
Swept away by Autumn's gales;
Now the quail are hiding under
Bronzing brakes in frosty swales.
Hark! the hounds, their deep-toned 'cello
Sounds alarum to the coon.
Welcome! welcome! to a fellow,
Mellow, yellow hunter's moon!

Trées on mountains, strong, abiding,
Cast a lessening leafy shade;
Now a deer and fawn are hiding
Deep in moonlit ferny glade.
From the burr's brown prickly cover,
Lined with creamy, shining plush,
Chestnuts drop, near by where hover
Squirrels in dun underbrush.

Oh, the hounds, with full-stringed 'cello!
Oh, the cornfields and the coon!
Welcome! welcome! to a fellow,
Mellow, yellow hunter's moon!

B. A. Hitchcock

THE HUNTER

One came chasing the fallow deer
When all the wood was green,
But through my heart an arrow went
That ne'er by him was seen—
Ah me!
That ne'er by him was seen.

One came hunting the eagle king
When all the wood was brown,
But over me a lure was cast
That dragged my proud heart down—
Ah me!
That dragged my proud heart down.

One came tracking the mighty boar
When all the wood was white,
But from my wound the red drops fell
That guided him that night—
Ah me!
That guided him that night.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM

AFRICAN GAME

Most beautiful those roving tribes,
The antelopes, the bounding deer,
The wild deer of the Afric land,
So fleet, so graceful in career.
The blessbok and the springbok swift,
The oryx, steinbok, and hartbeest,
The quagga, pallah, and the gnu,
That o'er the boundless pastures feast,
Have since Creation's dawning rang'd
Those grassy pastures, green and vast;
And countless summers have beheld
Those wild herds speeding far and fast.
Free denizens of wood and glade,
Of prairie broad, of flowery plain,
The savage tribes may scarce molest;
Their spears and arrows are in vain,
They range the mountain foot, they plunge
In hidden gorge, in ravine dim,
They speed across the craggy slopes,
Along the bending grass they skim.

By fountains in the desert's heart
Where leans the palm-tree o'er the wave,
They come consuming thirst to quench,
Their panting flanks to dip and lave.
The blessbok, noblest of the herds,
Loveliest with all the rainbow dyes,
Purple and violet and brown,
Like mingled glories of the skies,
Is e'er so shy, so fleet of foot,
That vain is hunter's hot pursuit.
The black wild-beest, a bolder race,
Fly not with all the flying crew,
But wheel in mazy circles round,
Tempting the hunter to pursue;
In evolutions intricate,
Like dragoons skirmishing in war,
They circling caper round the hunt,
Now swooping near, now scatter'd far.
While hunters charge one herd in front
Another gathers in the way,—
Fierce cossacks of the desert space,
Now menacing, now brought to bay.

ISAAC MCLELLAN

HUNTER'S CAMP AT NIGHT

In the thick darkness of the midnight woods,
I sit alone within my hemlock camp,
Silent and thoughtful. All about me rise
The dark, columnar giants of the wild,—
Funereal hemlock and majestic pine,
The gnarled oak-tree and the quivering birch.
And how profound the hush! when evening threw
Its glimmering shades across these forest aisles
The mingled voices of the living world
Died out, and birds and creatures of the wild were still,
The woodpecker its drum-like tappings ceas'd,
The partridge sought her nest; the pied bluejay
Ceas'd its harsh clamor, and the pigeon wild
Folded its azure pinions and was still.
As shades fell deep in tangled copse and glade,
The cawing crow-flocks settled from their flight,
The high-flying hawks descended from the air,
And silence all around me wove its spell.
The tall black trunks of the great forest kings
That hedg'd me round seem'd all instinct with life;
Seem'd to my fever'd fancy like the forms
Of the barbaric warriors who once trod

These lonely wilds, majestic, stern, and grave,—
Those feather'd forest chieftains, grim, severe,
Painted for war and terrible with arms,
With quiver, shield, and club, and lofty spear.
Then thro' the thickening glooms would seem to shine
The eyeballs of wild creatures, wolf and bear,
And great imperial stag with branching horns;
But when I snatch'd my rifle they would seem
To disappear, and melt away from sight.
Then sudden from the dry dead leaves around
I rais'd a camp-fire that illum'd the woods,
And caus'd how strange a change! The sombre shades
Vanish'd away, and the rough boles of trees
Thro' all their drooping foliage shone and smil'd
In the blithe, cheerful radiance of my fire;
So all the phantom spectres fled away.
As in my hemlock camp I sank to rest,
I felt secure in such companionship
Of those red flames that seem'd to guard my couch,
And all the shapes that fancy conjur'd forth
Vanish'd like dreams—and rest and sleep were sweet.

ISAAC MCLELLAN

A HUNTING SONG

The yachtsman sings of the bounding waves
And a life on the deep blue sea—
Of a bark that bows to the crested surge,
And the breath of the ocean free.
But give me a dog that is keen of scent,
And a gun that is tried and true,
An Autumn day when the dawn wind stirs,
And the woods that are steeped in dew.
There is the sport that is best of all,
In the light of the forest gray;
For what can excel the keen delight
Of hunting at break of day!

Let others sing of the trout that leap
From the pools in the rippling brook,
And the thrill of joy as the click-reel hums
When the "good ones" rise to the hook.
But sing me the song of the sylvan glades,
And the echoing rifle call,
As it rings out clear on the frosty air,
From brush by the old stone wall.

Ah, that is the song that I love the best,
And a song that is sweet alway—
The song that breathes of the Autumn woods—
Of hunting at break of day.

W. Tyler Olcott

NORTH WOODS LIVIN'

Up whar the mountains split the flyin' clouds in two,
An' the pine woods is towerin' with the streams a-flashin' thro',
An' the strong, bracin' odor o' the hemlocks comes ter me,
It's thar I'm a-longin' an' a-hungerin' ter be!
Whar the hemlock camp is built on the side o' the hill,
An' the log-fire is roarin' like the grindin' o' the mill,
Thar we spread spruce branches for a soft an' scented bed,
While the strong wind is shoutin' in the pines overhead.
Min comes along the stream with his sharp eyes out
An' a quick light hand fer the flashin', shinin' trout;
Then Doc comes through the woods with his gun on his arm,
An' the robins an' the partridges is like ter come ter harm!

Then when they git ter camp, an' dinner-time is near,
Thar's a sizzlin' an' a fryin' it would melt yer heart ter hear.
Doc turns the juicy birds a-brownin' in the fire,
An' makes steamin' coffee ye could drink an' never tire;
Min sends the flapjacks up a-whirlin' ter the sky
A-swearin' an' a-cussin' tell he gits 'em on the fly.
The fresh trout is sizzlin' tell ye'll eat 'em tails an' all;
An' then ye set an' stuff yerself ontell yer like ter fall.
Thar's Moose River flyin' down the rapids white with foam,
An' the air—wal, thar's nothin' ter compare with it ter home.
The smell o' the wood-fire—thar's nothin' half so good;
An' the darndest biggest appetite ye ever set ter food!
Ye may talk o' Delmonico's—it's fine, I'll agree,
But North Woods livin' is good enough fer me!

FLORENCE E. PRATT

A VAGABOND SONG

There is something in the Autumn that is native
to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson
keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood
astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

BLISS CARMAN

CANOE SONG OF THE NORTH

On lakes adream our paddles gleam,
  Ashore the grim pines croon;
On waves of light we ride the bright
  Gold highways of the moon.
Past reedy isles where summer smiles,
  Ho, merry bark, let's go
And find the way of Nicollet—
  The footsteps of Perrot!

To glide and creep on worlds that sleep,
  Where waking wild fowl scream;
To drone and drift, till rivers lift
  Their luring banks abeam;
And then, and then, to face again
  The white-tipped rapid's roar,
And battle-spent, to shore and tent!
  Ah, who would ask for more?

Venetian ways are sweet with lays
  That sailing lovers sing!
And lakes are fair in Alpine air,
  Whence castled rivers swing;

But over sea, for you and me,
Our dearer waters flow
Where lies the way of Nicollet,
The footsteps of Perrot!

CHESTER FIRKINS

THE HUNTER'S PARADISE

I want a home, a perfect dream,
Away from all the haunts of man,
Beside some winding mountain stream
That wash her rocks and golden sand,
Where I can roam or take my ease
When twilight's dreamy shadows fall,
Where wafts the music on the breeze
Of howling wolves or panther's call.

I want a home where I can see
Old nature in her youthful bloom,
Away from all that hampers me,
Where city life is filled with gloom.
I want to live where I can get
The pleasures that belong to me,
With one true friend that can't forget
This world was made for such as we.

I want a home all decked in green,
Where towering peaks rise far and high,
And shady dales lurk in between
Beneath the azure Summer sky;

Where balmy Spring her beauty crimps
And warbling songsters pipe by day,
And lovely bands of mountain nymphs
With fairies dance the nights away.

I want a home, a rustic cot—
The mansion has no charm for me;
I want it in some quiet spot
Away from care and sorrow free,
Beside some restless, limpid stream,
Where I can stroll at break of day,
And cast my hook in fancy's dream
Where rainbow trout and cropy play.

I want a home where nature dwells,
Away from all the city's throng,
Where bob-o-link sings in the dells
With merry note and warbling song,
Where cedars grace the mountain chain
And wooded vales are green and gay,
With some good friend that feels the same
We'd let the future fade away.

I want a home where I can take
My boat and gun and come and go,
Or paddle over stream and lake
With some dear friend like one I know,

Where twilight shadows gently sway
When Autumn's frosty nights appear,
And watch the wilderness at play,
Would fill a sportsman's heart with cheer.

I'd like a home, not made by hands
That carve the marble or the stone—
A cave where ancient roving bands
Have left their bleach'd, cadav'rous bones;
Where little limpid streamlets play
Among the nodding daffodils,
And murmur on their devious way
Among the ferns and grassy hills.

I want a home where I can see
When Autumn days their pleasures bring;
The mountain crags so dear to me
And fading scenes of vanished Spring,
When Indian Summer's fires glow,
I love to watch the smoky haze,
Or trail the wild buck and his doe
Through scenes of wildest, deepest maze.

C. M. STEWART

THE WILDERNESS CALL

When the ducks are all a-squawkin' on the silver lakes at night,
And the air is sort o' brisk-like, tanged with pine and frost and fight,
And the forest leaves are turnin' into red and gold and brown,
And the pa'tridge are a-drummin' and a-scurryin' on the groun'—
Do you ever feel like hikin' for the woods, and twilight sun,
To breathe down deep, to pull an oar, and tinker with a gun?

When the night owl starts a-hootin', and the whip-poor-will's awake,
And the squirrels have quit their fussin', and the loon laughs from the lake,
And the frisky buck is splashin' in the lilied shore near by,
And the bull-frog starts a-chuggin', and the fire's a-roarin' high—

Do you ever feel like smokin', kind o' quiet-like
and still,
A-dreamin' dreams and thinkin' things that make
you throb and thrill?

Now you talk about your fightin' Greed, 'bout
Business, Civic Strife—
The sport of rulin' nations and of gettin' fame in life.
Do you know the joy of fightin' Things that snoop
aroun' and growl?
Of swingin' through dark, wintry storms, and
hearin' things that howl—
Of squattin' by the starlit lake as your moose goes
crashin' by—
Of quarrelin' with wee furry folk, of singin' to the sky?

No? Then turn with me to the Wilderness, to the
hills of the sighing pine,
Where we'll cruise the lonesome timber, know each
star and flower and vine;
Where we'll learn the joy of livin' by the sunlit
brook and pool,
In the Kingdom of the Forest, where sheer brawn
and courage rule.
Then turn with me to the Wilderness, through
wood, on land, on sea,
To drink life deep, where man's a man, red-blooded—
lusty—free!

LEW R. SARETT

WITH THE MALLARD DRAKE

Oh, for a day in the white wind's cheek!
To share the mallard's stroke of power,
The electric spark in the tip of his beak,
And flying a hundred miles an hour!
With his throbbing pulse the air to beat—
The swift wild duck; the beautiful thing!
The strength of the sun in his yellow feet,
The purple of night asleep on his breast,
The green of a thousand Junes on his crest,
The bank of the heavens across his wing!

To alight and drink in the frothing rings
That circle away to the greening gap;
To stop for the noonday feast of kings—
The crimson seeds in the marsh's lap;
To forget where the city's white flags burn,
And know but the deep air's quivering thrills;
The mystery of his flight to learn,
To follow the way the wild duck takes,
To the twilight of the grassy lakes,
To the glory of the Yukon hills.

To rest where the old gray sea towers shake;
'Mong tangled moss and grassy knots
To seek the rest of the kittiwake
And the pointed eggs with blood-red spots.
O Kittiwake of the snow-white crown,
Of the coral feet and vermillion eyed,
Of the tender croon and wings of down,
I would fly with you this burning day
To the wind-swept peaks away, away,
And hide where you and the tempest hide.

Oh, for a day in the waltzing wind,
With the mallard in his swift strong flight!
To leave the blue frost-smoke behind,
And poise in the Yukon's opal light,
To know the rush of the upper airs,
The curve of the wing-tip thrilling through
The swelling soul of him who dares!
O beautiful bird, bronze night on thy breast,
A thousand golden Junes in thy crest,
And across thy wing heaven's bar of blue.

ANON

SONG OF THE OPEN CAMP

Number One

'Tis pleasant, after a weary tramp,
To meet at night in the open camp,
To feel the glow of the genial blaze,
That conquers gloom by its welcome rays.
We hear of many a trophy won,
By flood and field with its rod and gun;
The welkin rings with song and jest,
Till sleep steals on and enforces rest.

The tie of friendship is always dear,
Let those it blesses be far or near,
A gem on shore or a pearl at sea,
A prize of age or of youthful glee,—
It gives content when all else hath flown,
Their names it hallows when friends have gone.
Not more on earth doth its charm inspire
Than when invoked by the camp and fire.

But few enjoyments we mortals know
With strange mosaic of weal and woe;

The blame for which may be ours or not
As each has used or abused his lot,
But zest is found that we ne'er forget—
A beam of hope ere the sun has set,—
It cheers by hill and by mountain spire,
In open camp with social fire.

EDWARD OCTAVIUS FLAGG

SONG OF THE OPEN CAMP

Number Two

Let jocund mirth beguile with song,
The camp-fire burns to-night;
To us the sources true belong
Whence flows a pure delight.
That summer's dream will soon be o'er
Is traced on flower and leaf.
Use well the moments yet in store
Of earth's enjoyments brief.

Let Fancy weave to-morrow's sport
Of deer hunt, rod and reel,
Of baseball and the tennis-court,
Where wildwood odors steal;
But slighting not the guide boat's course,
Through inlet, lake, and creek,
To where the rapid's noise and force
Dispute the point we seek.

Yet wisdom's voice with loud demand
Uncertain schemes would crush,
It much prefers the "bird in hand,
To two within the bush."

So ere the day, may each his part
  Perform in blithesome mood,
Reproving every churlish heart
  That scorns a present good.

EDWARD OCTAVIUS FLAGG

FOREST SOLITUDE

A cabin in a forest wilderness,
Where wood-fire smoke trails blue beyond the hills,
And mingles with the twilight of the pines;
A gun; a rod; the song of birds and bees,
And flame and fragrance of sweet woodland flowers;
A mountain stream; the sunlight's gleam of gold,
And all the wildwood things you used to love;
A rifle's echo, from the distant hills,
The whisper of the night wind's lullaby;
A cricket's even-song; a night-bird's call,
And Solitude, and memories of you.

Jessie Davies Willdy

LITTLE LAC GRENIER

(Gren-yay)

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Right on de mountain-top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Up on de mountain high,
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine-trees an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm,
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm!

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer
An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
Onder de roof of Spring.
Ma canoe's afloat, an' de robin sing.
De lily's beginnin' her Summer dress,
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long, long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I'm all alone, *ma chère*, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
Don't spik no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,
An' you know you'se'f I'm too far away,
For visit you now—Leetle Lac Grenier!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

BIRCH AND PADDLE

Friend, those delights of ours
Under the sun and showers,—

All through the noonday blue
Sliding our light canoe,

Or floating, hushed, at eve,
Where the dim pine-tops grieve!

What tonic days were they
Where shy streams dart and play,—

Where rivers brown and strong
As caribou bound along,

Break into angry parle
Where wildcat rapids snarl,

Subside, and like a snake
Wind to the quiet lake!

We've paddled furtively,
Where giant boughs hide the sky,—

Have stolen, and held our breath,
Thro' coverts still as death,—

Have left with wing unstirred
The brooding phœbe-bird,

And hardly caused a care
In the water-spider's lair.

For love of his clear pipe
We've flushed the zigzag snipe,—

Have chased in wilful mood
The wood-duck's flapping brood,—

Have spied the antlered moose
Cropping the young green spruce,

And watched him till betrayed
By the kingfisher's sharp tirade.

Quitting the bodeful shades
We've run thro' sunnier glades,

And dropping craft and heed
Have bid our paddles speed.

Where the mad rapids chafe
We've shouted, steering safe,—

With sinew tense, nerve keen,
Shot thro' the roar, and seen,

With spirit wild as theirs,
The white waves leap like hares.

And then, with souls grown clear
In that sweet atmosphere,

With influences serene
Our blood and brain washed clean,

We've idled down the breast
Of broadening tides at rest,

And marked the winds, the birds,
The bees, the far-off herds,

Into a drowsy tune
Transmute the afternoon.

So, Friend, with ears and eyes
Which shy divinities

Have opened with their kiss,
We need no balm but this,—

A little space for dreams
On care-unsullied streams,—

'Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on Nature's face!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

COME TO THE WOODS

When the hour of meeting's nigh
And thy heart is beating high,
  Come to the woods, the woods, lad.
And if the boughs are ringing,
With all their minstrels singing,
  Do thou, too, rejoice,
  And utter a voice
    More glad.

Or if on Winter's tide
Floats Autumn's wither'd pride,
  Come to the woods, the woods, lad.
Why should the bard be dumb?
'Tis meet that thou shouldst come
  Their Spring gifts to repay
  And make the pale day
    Less sad.

G. J. Cornish

MY HEART'S DESIRE

My heart's desire is nothing great:
Say just a little eight-by-eight
Log cabin in the Northern woods
Where I can wallow in my moods
And wade around in solitudes
  And rubber boots;
Free from excitement, noise and dudes. . . .
  Yes, that just suits!

My heart's desire is nothing much:
A little venison, and such
Sweet trout as markets ne'er afford;
A little time to praise the Lord
My own peculiar way, for these
Simplicities that ever please
  And never pall
The mind, as in the birchen trees
  The thrushes call.

My heart's desire is nothing large:
The open sky, the river-marge;

The soundless woods, the empty shore;
Pine-needles on the parlor floor,
And hazy lazy hours of life
  Just breathing air;
—One couldn't ask much less.—No strife,
  Peace everywhere.

My heart's desire? The waterfalls;
The rushes where the grackle calls;
The joy of negative delights;
The melody of summer nights;
My wife's mild word
  Of practical suggestion—"Say,
You haven't washed your face to-day"
  But faintly heard.

My heart's desire? Well, come to think,
It's all too near Elysium's brink
  For humankind.
One's heart, you know, is apt to change
Most anywhere one can arrange
  His peace of mind.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

A SUMMER SONG

In the hush of morn in the fields of corn
I hear the Bob-white calling;
At the close of day o'er the fields away
Again its cadence falling.
Bob White! Bob White!
This is his roundelay;
Bob White! Bob White!
He's singing all the day.

Where the sunflowers bold in green and gold
Are growing, away from the city,
By the tangled hedge, in the blue-stem sedge,
He ever singeth his ditty:
Bob White! Bob White!
Summer's the time to sing;
Bob White! Bob White!
List to its mellow ring.

In the prairie grass as I by him pass
His motion and vesper together,
He sings away through the summer day
This litany for all weather:

Bob White! Bob White!
Molest me not, I pray;
Bob White! Bob White!
This is his roundelay.

In the hush of morn in the fields of corn,
You hear him far away calling,
There's a whir of wings, then again he sings,
Nearer its cadence falling:
Bob White! Bob White!
My nestlings are on the wing;
Bob White! Bob White!
Summer's the time to sing.

WILLIAM FELTER

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'*père*
Trying to stop you ev'ry day
Chasing de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,
Den w'en you're tire' you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wakes us up right away *toute suite*,
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,

Makin' me t'ink of dem long-leg crane—
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again.
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de *voyageurs* leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back.
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your old gran'*père*,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

THE DEER-TRAPPER

At sight of him the birds berate;
The blackbird points him to her mate,
The bluejay screams a scathing word,
Even the thrush is anger-stirred;—
Stealthy his step by wood-path dim,
Yet they know and jeer at him.

His coming makes the fields less gay;
The men who work there look away,
No welcome, only a half-hid sneer,
For Paul who loafs—and traps the deer!

When night-mist softens clearings rough,
And men who work have worked enough,
Around the shanty doors you hear
Laughing girls make music clear;
Jest answers jest, heart's hear to heart,—
But Paul Fineffe still keeps apart!

Sleepin' he dreams, and seems to hide
Close by a spruce-tree's shadowy side;
A slender doe through the mosses stepped,
Under her foot a deer-trap leapt

And fastened on her, biting deep,
Biting deeper at each wild leap!
She is no stolid, brutish bear
To crouch and wait the trapper there;
Frantic she plunges, crazed with fright,
Bruised and broken, a piteous sight!—
Paul sees and shudders and would away,
But something holds him—he too must stay!

Such day-time joy, such night-time cheer,
For Paul Fineffe who traps the deer!

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

MEEKO
(The Squirrel)

Dat leetle Meeko
    Hees no car'
Hees poke hees nose mos' aneewhere,
Hees watch me w'en I mak' dat cook,
Hees sneak up w'en I no mak' look,
Hees grab dat feesh an' run away.
I chuck dat steeick at heem an' say,
"You beeg-tail robbarr wat you do,
I no deed cook dat sup for you."
An' den hees curse, sacre, hees curse,
I no can mak' heem curse dat's worse,
Hees call me all dose t'ings befor'
An' den hees call me leetle mor'.
I say, "You crazee red head-fool
I teach you somet'g smart like school,
You breeng dat feesh an' breeng dat bread
Begosh, I mak' you pretty dead."
An' den hees laff an' climb dat tree
An' I laff too de same like he.

Dat leetle Meeko
    Come at night
An' seet heem by dat firelight,

Hees scratch hees head an' look at me
An' say, "You have no famelee?
Ah, dat ees sad." An' den hees sigh,
"You have heem yet, dey come bimeby."
I say, "My leetle red-head fren'
You no can learn de ways of men,
I have one leetle sweet chèrie
Shees now go home acros' dat sea,
Shees love, anudder man een France
Hees mak' her heart much happy dance.
Ah, dat was long, long moons ago
De wintarrs come weeth manee snow,
I walk alone de trail of life
An' no have cheeldren, no have wife.
An' dat ees why I no keeill you
Shees always say shees love you too."
An' den de fire hees go black
I mak' de peelow of dat pack
An' say, "Meeko, de dark come deep,
We mus' go mak' heem leetle sleep,
Good night, mon frère, an' don' you stir
God keep you saf' an' her, an' her."

GORDON JOHNSTONE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Out of the land of the ancient bards
  A wandering minstrel strayed;
Courage and hope were the song he sang,
  And faith was the string he played.
"I care not what the end," he cried,
  "So the road be fair and free;
For the greater gift of life is his
  Who travels cheerily!"

Earth was his house and heaven his roof;
  Sun, moon and stars his light;
Voices of wind and wood and wave
  His music day and night.
Over his clouds the lark sang still;
  And when the light was gone,
Thrilling the dark of crouching doom,
  His nightingale sang on.

So let us be, as the minstrel sang,
  Of faith, and hope, and love,
Though the snarling waters scowl beneath,
  And thunder rolls above.

After the rain, the night of stars;
  After the night, the dawn;
And that day goes down to a splendid death,
  Which lights another's morn!

STEPHEN CHALMERS

SLEEPING OUT: FULL MOON

They sleep within . . .
I cower to the earth, I waking, I only.
High and cold thou dreamest, O queen, high-dreaming and lonely
We have slept too long, who can hardly win
The white one flame, and the night-long crying;
The viewless passers; the world's low sighing
With desire, with yearning,
To the fire unburning,
To the heatless fire, to the flameless ecstasy! . . .

Helpless I lie,
And around me the feet of the watchers tread.
There is a rumor and a radiance of wings above my head,
An intolerable radiance of wings. . . .

All the earth grows fire,
White lips of desire
Brushing cool on the forehead, croon slumbrous things.
Earth fades; and the air is thrilled with ways,

Dewy paths full of comfort. And radiant bands,
The gracious presence of friendly hands,
Help the blind one, the glad one, who stumbles and strays,
Stretching wavering hands, up, up, through the praise
Of a myriad silver trumpets, through cries,
Of all glory, to all gladness, to the infinite height,
To the gracious, the unmoving, the mother eyes,
And the laughter and the lips of light.

RUPERT BROOKE

DAT BEAVARR

Dat beavarr ees one leetle man,
He work hees tail, hees teeth, hees han',
He fin' dat stream an' den de say,
"Madam' la Beavarr, now we stay.
We build one fin' strong dam dees year,
We break dat tree an' breeng heem here,
We mak' comoosie een dat stream
An' den long wintarr mon' we dream;
De green spruce barrk ees sweet like grouse
We put heem een dat leetle house
An' no car' den come snow, come freeze,
We do jes' like we much dam' please,
Madam' la Beavarr."

Dat beavarr no car' leetle snap
W'en beeg bear come an' yap an' yap;
He know dat bear no like to steek
Hees leetle fingarr een dat creek;
De puma cry an' cry hees fight,
De white wolf howl like ghost all night,
De horn' owl hunt an' hunt hees sup
An' no can sleep 'teel sun come up;

De lynx hees screech like hell go loose,
Dat beavarr smile een warm comoose
An' speak so sof' like girl een school,
"Dose leetle children one dam' fool,
Madam' la Beavarr."

Dat beavarr no go out een day
He hide heemsel' like moon away,
Den preety queek he breeng one, two,
T'ree, four, fiv', seex fin' beavarr, too,
He learn heem how to go dat sweem,
He mak' heem keek de same like heem,
He tell heem no go verree farr
'Teel night he mak' heem leetle starr,
He show heem where he fin' dose barrk
Dat mak' sweet dinnarr een de darrk,
He rub hees nose an' say, "You see,
Dat's one fin' beeg dam famelee,
Madam' la Beavarr."

GORDON JOHNSTONE

THE ROMANCE TRAIL

There are camp-fires unkindled and songs unsung,
And the untraveled miles of the trail.
There are unbroken dreams 'neath the whispering trees,
Till the stars of the morning grow pale.
Why are you doubtful—why tarry so long,
When the god of the wanderlust calls?
The gypsy-road trails through the perfume of dusk,
When the purple of night softly falls.

The night-road is freighted with romance and bliss,
From the castles of Romany-land.
Their legends live on though their grandeur is gone,
Like the castles they built on the sands.
A camp-fire awaits when the day's march is o'er,
And a smoke by the bright, leaping flame.
Let the faint-hearts return to their pillows of down,
We'll be strong to the end of the game.

CHART PITT

CANOE SONG OF THE MILICETES

"*Whu-t-hawgn!*
Mochsqua-look!
Piskit pokut mitatakso
Piska-tah"

Blade of maple! Boat of bark!
Hear the voice that calls through the dark!
Blade of maple! E'en the leaves
Of the overhanging trees
Strive with quivering emulation,
Strive with sibilant vibration
To repeat the voice that calls
Through the dark.

Boat of bark! The river's breast
Softly by thy light form pressed,
Tells thee—in the waves that leap
Against thy prow, then gently creep
Along thy sides into the deep
To sleep—
How sweet the voice that calls
Through the dark.

Voice that calls! Thou hast made
Arms of steel dip deep the blade.
  Where the waves leapt, there the spray is;
  Where they gently crept, the foam is;
  Where they slept, I'm piling billows,
  Heap on heap,
  Across the deep,
    Seeking out the voice that calls
Through the dark.

Blade of maple! Thou hast heard;
Boat of bark! Thou, too, art stirred.
  O'er the waters we are leaping,
  Now 'neath tangled branches sweeping
  To the nook where love is keeping
  Never-sleeping tryst for me,
  Under birch and maple tree.
  Sweet!
    We knew the voice was calling
Through the dark.

TRANSLATED BY J. E. MARCH

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

(The North-western Mounted Police)

Who is it lacks the knowledge? Who are the curs that dare
To whine and sneer that they do not fear the whelps in the Lion's lair?
But we of the North will answer, while life in the North remains,
Let the curs beware lest the whelps they dare are the Riders of the Plains;
For these are the kind whose muscle makes the power of the Lion's jaw,
And they keep the peace of our people and the honour of British law.

A woman has painted a picture,—'tis a neat little bit of art
The critics aver, and it roused up for her the love of the big British heart.
'Tis a sketch of an English bulldog that tigers would scarce attack;
And round and about and beneath him is painted the Union Jack,

With its blaze of colour and courage, its daring in every fold,
And underneath is the title, "What we have we'll hold."
'Tis a picture plain as a mirror, but the reflex it contains
Is the counterpart of the life and heart of the Riders of the Plains;
For like to that flag and that motto, and the power of that bulldog's jaw,
They keep the peace of our people and the honour of British law.

These are the fearless fighters, whose life in the open lies,
Who never fail on the prairie trail 'neath the Territorial skies,
Who have laughed in the face of the bullets and the edge of the rebels' steel,
Who have set their ban on the lawless man with his crime beneath their heel;
These are the men who battle the blizzards, the sun, the rains,
These are the famed that the North has named, "The Riders of the Plains,"
And theirs is the might and the meaning and the strength of the bulldog's jaw,
While they keep the peace of the people and the honour of British law.

These are the men of action, who need not the world's renown,
For their valour is known to England's throne as a gem in the British crown;
These are the men who face the front, with courage the world may scan,
The men who are feared by the felon, but are loved by the honest man;
These are the marrow, the pith, the cream, the best that the blood contains,
Who have cast their days in the valiant ways of the Riders of the Plains;
And theirs is the kind whose muscle makes the power of old England's jaw,
And they keep the peace of her people and the honour of British law.

Then down with the cur that questions,—let him slink to his craven den,
For he daren't deny our hot reply as to who are our mounted men.
He shall honour them east and westward, he shall honour them south and north,
He shall bare his head to that coat of red wherever that red rides forth.
'Tis well that he knows the fibre that the great North-West contains,
The North-West pride in her men that ride on the Territorial plains,—

For such as these are the muscles and the teeth in the Lion's jaw,
And they keep the peace of our people and the honour of British law.

E. Pauline Johnson

FORTY-THREE YEARS

Forty-three years I've followed the gun,
Rain and hail and the sleet and sun;
Winds that blew from the Northland harsh
Wrinkling the face of the dreaming marsh,
Reflex warm of the sun's bright shields
Shining down on the stubble-fields,
Brakes where the round-eyed woodcock lay
Dimly veiled from the light of day:
Seasons beckon me, one by one,
Forty-three years I've followed the gun.

Forty-three years I've followed the gun,
Warp and woof by the woodland spun;
Lakes where the bluebills curve and wheel
Arrowy flight of the green-wing teal,
Pasture lands where the jack-snipe hide,
Grassy stretch of the prairies wide,
Blackberry vines by the orchard swale,
Bursting rise of the buzzing quail:
Seasons vanishing, one by one,
Forty-three years I've followed the gun.

Forty-three years I've followed the gun,
Flush of dawn or the daylight done;
Cane-brake chase of the lumbering bear
Roused from the swamp to leave his lair,
Knolls where the turkeys scratched and fed,
Gobbling loud as the east grew red,
Honking files of the south-bound geese
Shrouded soft in the cloud's gray fleece:
Seasons beckon me, one by one,
Forty-three years I've followed the gun.

Forty-three years I've followed the gun,
Peaks and cliffs in the questing won;
Purple vaults that the distance blurs,
Blue grouse under the Douglas firs,
Tracks that carve in the clearing sere
Clean-cut sign of the black-tail deer,
Mallards packed like the hiving bees
Climbing high o'er the sundown seas:
Seasons gathering one by one,
Forty-three years I've followed the gun.

Forty-three years I've followed the gun—
Sands of time through the hour-glass run;
Hands that slipped from a hunter's grasp,
Virile grips I no longer clasp,
Into the far-gone silence sped
Men I knew who are now long dead,

Comrades close of the camp and "blind"
I, at the last, am left behind,
Counting the seasons, one by one;
Forty-three years I've followed the gun.

ERNEST MCGAFFNEY

THE PORTAGE TRAIL

It's marked by a blaze grown brown as the trunk
  Of a pine that stands by the shore;
It's told by a path whose level's sunk
  'Neath feet that have trod it before.

It twists through a swamp and over a hill
  To an unknown river beyond;
It winds through a forest wond'rous still
  To end at a pine-sheltered pond.

Known by the ashes of tea-brewing fires
  Of those who have gone in the past,
It beckons always to our desires,
  And the lure of it holds us fast.

For many have gone since the way was cut
  To claim this dark land as their own—
Nitchie and Frenchman and bolder Scot,
  And most of them went alone.

They conquered wind and they conquered cold
  As they pressed on into the wild;
Their bodies cast in a hero's mold,
  But their hearts like that of a child.

And now as we tread in the paths they made
We picture ourselves in their stead;
Toiling through muskeg and up the grade
With the unknown just ahead.

For the way means toil, but toil we forget
When the packs are set down at last;
Its way means joy, and it lingers yet—
Come down from the primitive past.

And its call is the call of forests dim,
Its spell is the spell of the wild;
Its charm is that of a battle-field grim
With the wilderness undefiled.

ROBERT E. PINKERTON

THE DOUBLE BARREL

When round the Sportsman's festive board
The sparkling bumper passes,
With joyous *toasts* each flask is stored,
"The Queen!" and "*All good Masses!*"
The *Turf*, the *Stubble*, *Fox*, or *Stag*,
The *Harriers*, or some winning *Nag*,
"The *Long Dogs*" or the *Race!*
Some drink a fav'rite *Pointer*, some
The "*Patrons of the Chase.*"
Next *Shooting*, *Coursing*, *Angling*, come
The flowing bowl to grace;
But ever, while we live,
The "Barrel!" let us give,
With three times three, huzza!

For we *hoop* the *Barrel* and *fill* the *Barrel*,
And *tap* the *Barrel* and *swill* the *Barrel*,
We *load* the *Barrel* and *prime* the *Barrel*,
Present the *Barrel* and *fire* the *Barrel*,
And *shoulder* the *Barrel* and *bottle* the *Barrel*,
And *drink* and *fire* away!

For table sports there's Meux's Entire,
And Barclay mixed with Perkins,
And Hanb'ry's *Barrels* full of *fire*,
While Truemen warms their *workings*.
When *shooting* wagers Sportsmen *lay*
An Egg or Manton they display,
To bring the coveys down,
And bag some dozen brace a-day,
To feed their friends in Town.
Percussion cap and ramrod gay,
And *Barrel* nicely brown;
Then ever while you live,
The *Barrel* let us give,
With three times three, huzza!
For we *hoop*, &c.

The *Sporting Farmer's* Harvest Night
The *Barrel's* value prices;
And Old *October* makes more bright
Fairs, Races, or Assizes,
The *soldier*, who at *Waterloo*
Or *Egypt* reap'd the *harvest* due,
Where *British* arms prevail,
The *Barrel* gaily broach'd, when full
His *spirits* to regale;
And *glass* or *trigger*, took a pull
At *powder* or of *ale*,

Then ever while we live,
The *Barrel* let us give,
With three times three, huzza!
For we *hoop*, &c.

And many good-natured *Johnny Bull*,
His friends while entertaining,
Fill all their jolly *Barrels* full,
And yet have store remaining;
And Cellar, Orchard, House and Field,
Old English cheer superior yield,
And plenty be his lot!
Ne'er may he want for gold or game
Or be by friends forgot:
And all he *marks* with *honest* aim
Turn out a lucky shot.
And let us while we live,
The *Barrel* boldly give,
With three times three, huzza!
For we *hoop*, &c.

THOMAS DIEDIN

NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS

The good fire-ranger is our friend to-night;
We sit before his tent, and watch his fire
Send up its fount of sailing sparks that light
The ruddy pine-stems. Hands that never tire
Our friend's are, as he spreads his frugal store,
And cooks his bouillon with a hunter's pride,
Till, warm with woodland fare and forest lore,
We sink at last to sleep. On every side
A grim mysterious presence, vast and old,
The forest stretches leagues on leagues away,
With lonely rivers running dark and cold,
And many a gloomy lake and haunted bay.
The stars above the pines are sharp and still.
The wind scarce moves. An owl hoots from the hill.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

TO A WOOD PATH

Who found you first,
  Wild wood thing,
Womanly, wayward,
  Wandering?

In remote ages
  Scored by the million
Once there slept here
  A winged reptilian,
The print of his body
  Inscribed for your reason,
As he dreamed in his coilings
  A cycle or season.

Up sprang the forest
  Through ages succeeding;
Stalked the wolves one by one,
  The lone wolf leading.
Then in the Spring-time,
  Boughs interlacing,
The doe and her fawn
  Went tenderly pacing.

Here you flit, there you flit,
  Teasingly distant,
Vanishing ever,
  Ever persistent,—
Beckoning us on,
  Last-born of the million,
To walk in the print
  Of that dreaming reptilian.

Where the wolves quested,
  Savage and meagre,
We are love's pensioners,
  With hearts that are eager.
Whither the path leads,
  Dear, little matter;—
Amber of spring hole,
  Waterfall's chatter.

You are my goal, dear,
  Wild wood thing,
Womanly, wayward,
  Wandering.

FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE INDIAN BASKET WEAVER

"Indian maiden lift my rootlets
From the earth to warming sun;
Coil and twist them round a bowlder
Anchored while clean waters run."

Tow'ring tree in sylvan whispers,
Fanned by breeze from western shore,
Talked to one who knew the lisping,—
Indian maid on mossy floor.

"Take the ropes, all clean and softened,
Split and scrape each even strand.
Take the best, begin thy weaving,
Draw them tight in growing band.

"Bend and turn expanding fabric,
Make a globe like gourd or shell.
Bend and turn and weave thy basket,
Weave and pray; 'tis well 'tis well.

"Haste thee, maid, go tell thy sisters
How the spruce-tree taught thee weave.
Tell thy secret of the forest.
Bid them listen and believe."

Proud the maid bore rounded basket.
Swift the spruce-tree message flew.
Weavers love mysterious whispers;
Weavers know the trees are true.

"I have helped you, little maiden,"
Crooned the swift, the clean-lipped brook.
"Paint thou me upon your basket,
Just a waving, rippling crook."

Sang the fern by tiny river,
Shyly hid from garish glare:
"Use my stems to paint the waters;
They are bright as glossy hair."

"Dost thou wish the glow of sunset,
Soft and warm, oh, gentle maid,
Take my bark," cried drooping cherry,
"Take and paint the linger-shade."

Forest voices guide the Indian,
Colors give and mystic sign;
Bookless learning, wildwood wisdom,
Lisping echoes; speech divine.

EDMOND S. MEANY

HIT THE TRAIL

Can't you hear the woods a-callin',
Where the mountain torrent's fallin',
And the pine-trees and the hemlocks
Gently sway?

Can't you smell the bacon fryin'
In the morning when you're tryin'
Mighty hard to rustle grub and
Get away?

Pack your kit and get acquainted
With some air that isn't tainted
By a million and a quarter souls
Or more.

Chuck your work and leave your labors
To your careless clerks and neighbors;
Things will happen as they've happened
Oft before.

WILLIAM AUBREY

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

White tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I feel no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,—
The odor of the forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row or sail;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swing,
We glide through the pleasant days,
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will;

With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

JAMES D. EDGAR

OUR CAMPING PLACE

And so we camped, our tent pitched low,
Where untamed things the wildest grow,
The proud fir-trees upflung their height
Against the sky, and all that night
They chanted psalms. Oh, it was good
To lie within the murm'rous wood
And feel that life was understood.
The river sent its monotone
Deep-voiced from off its harp of stone.
A primal fragrance from the earth
Stirred half to memory a birth
In ages gone. A shadowy thought,
Evasive, lost as soon as sought.
A tiny vagrant blew his flute
Close to my face and then was mute.
The unafraidness of it all,
The harmony of nature's thrall,
Was heaven rest from worldly call.

E. Patterson Spear

A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

The old Earth-Mother calls us,
And we hearken unto her cry,
For we dare not question her bidding
Lest we sicken and droop and die.
The spirit of change is burning
As a fever in heart and brain.
In the ranks of the Free Companions
We must take to the road again.

We have lain in the tents of the dwellers;
We have ta'en of their drink and food;
We, that were weary, have slumbered,
Have slumbered and found rest good.
We have kissed the lips of their maidens,
From their kin we have chosen our brides;
But the summons has come from the Mother,
And no one who hears it abides.

We do the will of the Mother,
We bow to the Word she sends,
Though we know not whither we journey,
Nor the goal where the journey ends.

On the quest of the Strange Adventure
We sally, hand-in-hand,
As the men of the days nomadic
When the hunter was lord in the land.

The winds asweep through the forests
Shall brace our souls for the march,
The balm of the dews descending
Shall chasten the heats that parch.
Through vista of brakes entangled
The stars shall guide, in the night,
By day the sun shall quicken
The pulse of our life's delight

Ho! for the zest of travel,
The wayfarer's romance,
The joy of the unexpected,
The hope of the noble chance.
We have girded our feet with sandals,
We carry the pilgrim's load.
In the ranks of the Free Companions
We take to the open road.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND

THE FLIGHT OF THE GEESE

I hear the low wind wash the softening snow,
The low tide loiter down the shore. The night,
Full filled with April forecast, hath no light.
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow.
Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous flow
The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! The height
Of heaven grows weird and loud with unseen flight
Of strong hosts prophesying as they go!

High through the drenched and hollow night their wings
Beat northward hard on winter's trail. The sound
Of their confused and solemn voices, borne
Athwart the dark to their long Arctic morn,
Comes with a sanction and an awe profound,
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ROOSEVELT IN WYOMING

Told by a guide—1899

Do you know Yancey's? When the winding trail
From Washburn Mountain strikes the old stage road,
And wagons from Cooke City and the mail
Unhitch awhile, and teamsters shift the load?

A handy bunch of men are round the stove
At Yancey's—hunters back from Jackson's hole,
And Ed Hough telling of a mighty drove
Of elk that he ran down to Teton Bowl.

And Yancey he says: "Mr. Woody, there,
Can tell a hunting yarn or two—beside,
He guided Roosevelt when he shot a bear
And six bull elk with antlers spreading wide."

But Woody is a guide who doesn't brag;
He puffed his pipe awhile, then gravely said:
"I knew he'd put the Spaniards in a bag,
For Mister Roosevelt always picked a head.

"That man won't slosh around in politics
And waste his time a-killing little game;
He studies elk, and men, and knows their tricks,
And when he picks a head he hits the same."

Now, down at Yancey's every man's a sport,
And free to back his knowledge up with lead;
And each believes that Roosevelt is the sort
To run the State, because he "picks a head."

ROBERT BRIDGES

THE STAMPEDE

Did you ever hear the story how on one stormy night
A wild beef herd stampeded down yonder to the right?

No? Well, you see that sloping hill, beyond the sage-brush flat,
East of the old round-up corral where all the boys are at?
'Twas one night in November, and I was on first guard,
A storm was brewing in the west, the wind was blowing hard.
Of wild Montana steers we had a thousand head,
Belonging to the "Circle C," and each one full of Ned.
The season had been rainy and the grass was thick and long,
So the herd had found good grazing on the hills the whole day long.

The clouds had piled up in the sky a strangely grotesque mass;
The rain began to patter on the weeds and buf'lo grass.

A chilly dampness cooled the air and black went all
the sky;
The cattle pawed and moved about; the wind went
whistling by.
The lightning flared up in the sky and all was deathly
still,
So I could hear the melancholy howl of a coyote on
the hill.
The vivid, shifting lightning kept bright the stormy
scene,
So I could see the broken hills with the wash-outs
in between.

And Bill, who was riding first guard with me
that night,
Came jogging past and 'lowed it certainly was a sight.
Then he commenced to whistle, while I began to
sing—
The lightning flashed across the sky like demons on
the wind.
And round and round rode Bill and I, with slickers
buttoned tight,
Looking like dim spectres in the constant changing
light.

Then suddenly, without a sign, there came an awful
crash
And my eyes were almost blinded by a bright and
burning flash

That filled the world an instant—then, suddenly, went out,
While little sparks of lightning seemed floating all about.

I don't know how it happened, but when my vision clears
I find that I am riding in the midst of running steers,
And oh, the thought that filled my brain, as through that living tide
Of hoofs, and horns, and glowing eyes I made that dreadful ride.

On, on we rushed at deadly speed—I dare not slacken pace—
A stone wall could not stop us in that blood-curdling race,
And if a cowboy ever prayed with fervor in his prayer,
'Twas I among those maddened beasts, for I prayed with despair.

Just when my horse was almost done, and Death stalked all about,
I heard above the awful roar a cowboy's ringing shout,
And looking backward in the gloom, I caught a fleeting glance
Of cowboys flitting to and fro like spirits in a dance.

And then I felt my nerve come back, like some old,
long-lost friend,
For I had given up all hope and waited for the
end.

At first I couldn't hardly tell just what they hoped
to do,
But soon I saw they meant to cut that running
herd in two,
For after cutting off a bunch they lined up with a
cheer
To form a solid wedge of men and charge them in
the rear.

Then on they come, through tossing horns, with
old Jack in the lead—
The cattle parted stubbornly, but didn't slacken
speed—
On, on with sturdy force, the brave lads struggled on,
But I doubted if they'd reach me before my horse
was gone.
For as I spurred his reeking flanks and jerked his
head up high
He slowly sank beneath me, and I felt that I must
die.
But up again he struggled: then down he went once
more,
And I found myself a-knocking at old Death's
gloomy door.

And when I got my senses the hoofs and horns
were gone,
And Jack was kneeling at my side with a streaming
slicker on.
You see, my leg was broken and chest was badly
crushed
By half a dozen reckless steers as over me they
rushed.

But it's hard to kill a cowboy, we're pretty tough
you know,
Else I'd been riding in the clouds with the angels
long ago.

WALLACE COBURN

A LONE-LAND'S LURE

If you have heard a wolf complaining,
From a far lake's lonely shore,
Where the reeds hold the trail-spent wreckage,
Of one who has gone before—
Then you have felt that soulless sorrow,
That walks in a lone-land's night—
Heard the winds complain o'er those who came,
Unscathed from the Barrens white.

No doubt you've welcomed the gaslight's glow,
When the toil of the trail was o'er.
Over your wine you renounced your claim
To that lone-land's golden store.
But you who have braved the Northland trail—
You who have tasted her woes—
Nothing but death can loosen the lure
That calls you back to her snows.

CHART PITT

THE GUARDIAN OF THE WILDERNESS

Five thousand miles of hill and wood,
  Barren and swamp and plain,
Eastward the shores of Labrador,
  Westward the sea again.

Three thousand leagues from north to south,
  Arctic to Huron shore,
Bound'ries these of an empire vast,
  Guarded forevermore.

Beating his marches day and night,
  Breasting the brimming tide,
Calling mate and challenging foe,
  His lone patrol is wide.

His lesser kin may come and go,
  Driven by storm and stress,
King moose stands on his chosen post,
  Guarding the wilderness.

THOMAS FOSTER

THE OLD DECOY-DUCK

Within the cobwebbed loft he sits
'Mid spars and caufs and wreck of things,
Who, couched in sedgy marshes, heard
Wheel to his lure swift vibrant wings.

Below him creep the lapping tides,
Before, down bleak receding lines,
The shuttles of the waning year
Crimson Acoaxet's woof of pines;

He marks the lowering cloud-wrack's flight,
When spurned before the rising gale,
The homing fisher-fleet, close-reefed,
Drives up the channel, sail by sail;

He sees great sunsets burn and fade
And, through his close-set window bars,
Tremble along the dusky wave
The twilight splendor of lone stars.

To him all sights and sounds are one;
Not the slow drip of summer rain,
Nor, when fierce rocking gusts go by,
The clash of sleet against the pane.

No faint alarm of distant guns
  That wake the halcyon's clamorous brood,
Or thunder on the bridge of hooves,
  Shall rouse him from his timeless mood.

MERCY E. BAKER

THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND

Do you seek the road to Fairyland?
  I'll tell; it's easy, quite.
Wait till a yellow moon gets up
  O'er the purple seas by night,
And gilds a shining pathway
  That is sparkling diamond bright.
Then, if no evil power be nigh
  To thwart you, out of spite,
And if you know the very words
  To cast a spell of might,
You get upon a thistledown,
  And, if the breeze is right,
You sail away to Fairyland
  Along this track of light.

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

DARKY HUNTING SONG

Tek a cool night, good an' clear,
Skiff o' snow upon de groun';
Jes' 'bout fall-time o' de yeah
W'en de leaves is dry an' brown;
Tek a dog an' tek a axe,
Tek a lantee'n in yo' han',
Step light whah de switches cracks,
Fu' dey's huntin' in de lan'.
Down thoo de valleys an' ovah de hills,
Into de woods whah de 'simmon-tree grows,
Wakin' an' skeerin' de po' whip-po'-wills,
Huntin' fu' 'coon an' fu' 'possum we goes.

Blow dat ho'n dah loud an' strong,
Call de dogs an' da'kies neah;
Mek its music cleah an' long,
So de folks at home kin hyeah.
Blow it twell de hills an' trees
Sen's de echoes tumblin' back;
Blow it twell de back'ard breeze
Tells de folks we's on de track.

'Coons is a-ramblin' an' 'possums is out;
Look at dat dog; you could set on his tail!
Watch him now—steady,—min'—what you's about,
Bless me, dat animal's got on de trail!

Listen to him ba'kin' now!
Dat means bus'ness, sho's you bo'n;
Ef he's struck de scent I 'low
Dat ere 'possum's sholy gone.
Knowed dat dog fu' fo'teen yeahs,
An' I nevah seed him fail
W'en he sot dem flappin' eahs
An' went off upon a trail.
Run, Mistah 'Possum, an' run, Mistah 'Coon,
No place is safe fu' yo' ramblin' to-night;
Mas' gin de lantee'n an' God gin de moon,
An' a long hunt gins a good appetite.

Look hyeah, folks, you hyeah dat change?
Dat ba'k is sha'per dan de res'.
Dat ere soun' ain't nothin' strange,—
Dat dog's talked his level bes'.
Somep'n' 's treed, I know de soun'.
Dah now,—wha'd I tell you? See!
Dat ere dog done run him down;
Come hyeah, he'p cut down dis tree.

Oh, Mister 'Possum, we got you at las'—
  Needn't play daid, laying dah on de groun';
Fros' an' de 'simmons has made you grow fas',—
  Won't he be fine when he's roasted up brown!

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

THE HALF-BREED

A half-breed, slim, and sallow of face,
  Alphonse lies full length on his raft,
The hardy son of a hybrid race.

Lithe and long, with the Indian grace,
  Versed in the varied Indian craft,
A half-breed, slim, and sallow of face,

He nurses within mad currents that chase—
  The swift, the sluggish—a foreign graft,
This hardy son of a hybrid race.

What southern airs, what snows embrace
  Within his breast—soft airs that waft
The half-breed—slim, and sallow of face,

Far from the Gatineau's foaming base!
  And what strong potion hath he quaffed,
This hardy son of a hybrid race,

That upon this sun-baked blistered place
  He sleeps, with his hand on the burning haft,
A Metis—slim and sallow of face,
  The hardy son of a hybrid race!

S. Frances Harrison

SPORT

Ah! list the music of the whistling wings,
As westward sweeps the long-extended corps;
Our own outarde revisits well-known haunts,
And the loud quack rings out anew from sea to shore.

The canvas-back a double zest affords,
And yields a dish to "set before a king,"
And where the north-shore streams rush to the sea,
Here the rare harlequin shoots past on rapid wing.

To Grondine's flats the ibis yet returns,
The snowy goose loves well the sedgy shore;
Loud booms the bittern 'midst the clustering reeds,
And the famed heron nests on pine-top as of yore.

If shapely form and splendour charm the eye,
The graceful wood-duck claims fair beauty's prize;
No gorgeous plumes like his adorn the crest;
No lovelier shades could feathers yield or sparkling eyes.

The shady copse the wary woodcock haunts;
From Château Richer's swamps the snipe upsprings;
Ontario's fields know well the scurrying quail,
And o'er the glassy lake the loon's weird laughter rings.

Afar 'midst forest glades, where Red Men lie;
On mossy log the ruffled grouse strut and drum;
The plump tetrao courts the spruce-tree's shade;
And spotless ptarmigan with boreal tempests come.

Resplendent thro' the grove the turkey roams,
And lends a deeper grace to Christmas cheer;
Our silvery lakes still claim the graceful swan;
And o'er the uplands shrill the plover's pipe we hear.

Or come, where far on rolling western plains,
Beneath the brushwood sagefowl snugly lie;
And prairie hens rush boldly at the foe,
Their cowering brood to shield, as swoops the falcon by.

A hunter thou? The grim bear courts thy skill,
And fearless foams ere yet he seeks his den;
His glossy robes might grace triumphal car,—
His pearly spoils proclaim the rank of dusky men.

The wolf, still tireless, tracks his victim's trail;
The prowling lynx, like sleuth-hound, wends his way;
And by the well-worn path the carcajou
Drops from his hidden perch upon the unwary prey.

Shy Reynard follows where the startled hare
Darts thro' the matted elders like a gleam;
And the sleek otter on his titbits dines,
Nor dreads the hound's loud bark upon his lonely stream.

Far from men's haunts the beaver builds his dam
And ponderous mound, to keep him safe from harm;
His larder filled with choicest winter stores,—
Cold winds may bite and blow, his lair is soft and warm.

Thro' rushing chute and pool the fisher swims;
And mink and martin sport right merrily;
While overhead the angry squirrel chides,
And warns the rude intruder from his nut-stored tree.

And when the maple-trees are stripped and bare,—
When land and stream with snow are mantled o'er,—
When light toboggans down the mountains sweep,
And the bold skater skims the lake from shore to shore,

Then don thy snowshoes, grasp thy rifle true;
The timid red deer thro' the forest bounds,—
The wary caribou rests on the frozen lake,
And browse the mighty moose upon their endless rounds.

These all and more await the hunter's skill;
Such trophies well our antlered halls adorn;
Their shining coats may win a golden prize,
Or keep us snug and warm amid the winter storm.

But yet, possessed of aught that hands could win,
Or all that pleasure puts within our ken,
We joy to know a nobler gift is ours,—
We own the heaven-sent heritage of free-born men.

DUNCAN ANDERSON

MORNING IN CAMP

A bed of ashes and a half-burned brand
  Now mark the spot where last night's camp-fire sprung
  And licked the dark with slender, scarlet tongue;
The sea draws back from shores of yellow sand
Nor speaks lest he awake the sleeping land;
  Tall trees grow out of shadows; high among
  Their sombre boughs one clear, sweet song is sung;
In deep ravine by drooping cedars spanned
All drowned in gloom, a flying pheasant's whirr
  Tends morning's solemn hush; gray rabbits run
  Across the clovered glade; then far away
Upon a hill, each huge expectant fir
  Holds open arms in welcome to the sun—
  Great, pulsing heart of bold, advancing day.

HERBERT BASHFORD

SOCOBIE'S PASSING

Socobie, agèd and bent with pain,
At the time of the year when the red leaves fly
Crawled from his tent door down to the river.
"I will try my wrist and my skill again
And sweep a paddle before I die."

Time falls—the wind falls—the grey geese draw on.
There is silence and peace on our Mother St. John.

Socobie, once a king of his tribe,
Once a lover, a poet, a man,
Launched his sun-scarred craft to the river.
"I will try my strength where the rapids jibe—
I will run her sheer, as a master can."

At the time of the year when the pass is blue
And the spent leaf falls in the empty wood
Socobie put out on the merry river;
The brown blade lifted the white canoe—
The rapids shouted, the forests stood.

Down in the village the hearths were bright,
And the night frost gleamed in the after-grass,
And the farmers were homing up from the river,
When out of the star-mist, slender and white
A birch craft leapt and they watched it pass.

Time falls—the frost falls—the stars draw on.
What voice cries, "Farewell" to our Mother St. John?

THEODORE ROBERTS

THE LOST LAGOON

It is dusk on the Lost Lagoon,
  And we two dreaming the dusk away,
  Beneath the drift of a twilight gray,
  Beneath the drowse of an ending day,
And the curve of a golden moon.

It is dark in the Lost Lagoon,
  And gone are the depths of haunting blue,
  And grouping gulls, and the old canoe,
  The singing firs, and the dusk and—you,
And gone is the golden moon.

O the lure of the Lost Lagoon!—
  I dream to-night that my paddle blurs
  The purple shade where the seaweed stirs,
  I hear the call of the singing firs
In the hush of the golden moon.

E. Pauline Johnson

HIM AN' ME

We'd greased our tongues with bacon 'til they'd shy
at food an' fork
An' the trails o' thought were slippery an' slopin'
towards New York;
An' our gizzards shook an' trembled an' were most
uncommon hot
An' the oaths were slippin' easy from the tongue o'
Philo Scott.

Then skyward rose a flapjack an' a hefty oath he
swore
An' he spoke of all his sufferin' which he couldn't
stan' no more;
An' the flapjack got to jumpin' like a rabbit on the
run
As he gave his compliments to them who couldn't
p'int a gun.

He told how deer would let 'em come an' stan' an'
rest an' shoot
An' how bold an' how insultin' they would eye the
tenderfoot;

How he—Fide Scott—was hankerin' fer suthin' fit to eat.
"——!" says he, "Le's you an' me go out an' find some meat."

We paddled off a-whisperin' beneath the long birch limbs
An' we snooked along as silent as a sucker when he swims;
I could hear him slow his paddle as eroun' the turns he bore;
I could hear his neck a-creakin' while his eye run up the shore.

An' soon we come acrost a buck as big an' bold as sin
An' Philo took t' swallerin' to keep his feelin's in;
An' every time he swallered, as he slowly swung eroun',
I could hear his Adam's apple go a-squeakin' up an' down.

He sot an' worked his paddle jest as skilful as he could
An' we went on slow an' careless, like a chunk o' floatin' wood;
An' I kind o' shook an' shivered an' the pesky ol' canoe
It seemed to feel as I did, for it shook an' shivered too.

I sot there, full o' deviltry, a-p'intin' with the gun,
An' we come up clost and closter, but the deer he didn't run;
An' Philo shet his teeth so hard he split his briar-root
As he held his breath a-waitin' an' expectin' me to shoot.

I could kind o' feel him hanker, I could kind o' hear him think,
An' we'd come so nigh the animal we didn't dast to wink,
But I kep' on a-p'intin' of the rifle at the deer
Jest as if I was expectin' fer to stick it in his ear.

An' Philo tetched the gunnel soft an' shook it with his knee;
I kind o' felt him nudgin' an' a-wishin' he was me,
But I kep' on a-p'intin' with a foolish kind o' grin,
Enjoyin' all the wickedness that he was holdin' in.

An' of a sudden I could feel a tremble in his feet;
I knew that he was gettin' mad an' fillin' up with heat.
An' his blood it kind o' simmered, but he couldn't say a damn—
He'd the feelin's of a panther an' the quiet of a lamb.

But I only sot a-p'intin' at the shoulder of the deer
An' we snooked along as ca-areful an' we kep' a-drawin' near;
An' Philo—so deceivin'—as if frozen into rock,
Was all het up with sinfulness from headgear unto sock.

An' his foot come creepin' for'ards an' he tetched me with his boot
An' he whispered low an' anxious, an' says he, "Why don't ye shoot?"
An' the buck he see the time had come for him an' us to part
An' he flung the spray as Philo pulled the trigger of his heart.

He had panthers in his bosom, he had horns upon his mind;
An' the panthers spit an' rassled an' their fur riz up behind;
An' he gored me with his languidge an' he clawed me with his eye
'Til I wisht that, when I done him dirt, I hadn't been so nigh.

He scairt the fish beneath us an' the birds upon the shore
An' he spoke of all his sufferin' which he couldn't stan' no more;

Then he sot an' thought an' muttered as he pushed a mile er so
Like a man that's lost an' weary on the mountain of his woe.

An' he eyed me over cur'ous an' with pity on his face
An' he seemed to be a sortin' words to make 'em fit the case.
"Of all the harmless critters that I ever met," says he,
"There ain't not none more harmlesser—my God!—than what you be."

An' he added, kind o' sorrowful, an' hove a mighty sigh:
"I'd be 'shamed t' meet another deer an' look him in the eye.
God knows a man that p'ints so never otter hev no grub,
What game are you expectin' fer t' slaughter with a club?"

An' I answered with a riddle, "It has head an' eyes an' feet
An' is black an' white an' harmless, but a fearful thing to meet;
It's a long, an' pesky animal as any in the country.
Can't ye guess?—I've ketched a pome an' I'll give ye half the bounty."

IRVING BACHELLER

SONG OF THE CAMP

Up in the naked branches
  The lonely night-wind grieves.
Something rustles, softly,
  In the drift of wind-tossed leaves.
The nights are filled with glamour,
  When the year creeps 'round to Fall,
That chains us to those olden-things,
  From the days beyond recall.

There's frost upon the marshes,
  And the wild geese are a-wing.
The dawns are gray and listless,
  And the birds no longer sing.
But you hear the game-trail calling,
  As you watch the camp-fire blaze—
So fill the night-bound forest,
  With a song from olden-days.

CHART PITT

THE BALL AND THE BATTUE

Ye who care to encourage the long-feather'd breed,
To the Ball overnight let the Battue succeed;
For when the heart aches,
Ten to one the hand shakes
And sighs beget curses, and curses mistakes.

For the shot-belt of leather, in velveteen drest,
I have doff'd the gold chain and laid by the silk vest.
A pancake so flat
Was my ball-going hat,
But a dumpling to shoot in is better than that.

My Manton to concert pitch tun'd for the day,
How the pheasants will reel in the air as I play!
What snipes as they fly
Pirouette in the sky,
And rabbits and hares in the gallopade die.

"Once more might I view thee, sweet partner!"
"Mark hare!
She is gone down the middle and up again there"—

"That hand might I kiss,
Mark cock!—did I miss?
Ye Gods, who could shoot with a weapon like this?"—

Thus a father may rescue his pheasants from slaughter,
The best of preservers his own pretty daughter;
Sad thoughts in the pate,
On the heart a sad weight,
Who, blinded by Cupid, could ever aim straight?

R. E. Egerton-Warburton

MY COMRADE CANOE

True comrade, we have tasted life together;
With the wild joy at heart have slipped the tether
To follow, follow, to strange wildernesses,
The frank enticement of the wind and weather.

Joy of the quivering pole, the thrilling sinew,
When mad black rapids shook the soul within you,
As climbing toward the lakes of inland silence
I laughed to see the fanged rocks strain to win you.

Joy of the moonlight on the quiet reaches,
Where loitering we caught the word that teaches
The poise of Godhead to the questing spirit,
The urge of Springtime to the budding beeches.

When through the dusk the serried clouds were massing,
Where some lost lake among the hills was glassing
The stormy fire above the western spruces,
The looming moose would wonder at our passing.

Then, when the outland voices ceased to hold us,
When winds would tell no more what once they told us,
We dreamed how far away a little village
Lay waiting with its welcome to enfold us.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS

AUTUMN DAYS

In dreams of the night I hear the call
  Of wild duck scudding across the lake,
In dreams I see the old convent wall,
  Where Ottawa's waters surge and break.

But Hercule awakes me ere the sun
  Has painted the eastern skies with gold,
Hercule! true knight of the rod and gun
  As ever lived in the days of old.

"Arise! tho' the moon hangs high above,
  The sun will soon usher in the day,
And the southerly wind that sportsmen love
  Is blowing across St. Louis Bay."

The wind is moaning among the trees,
  Along the shore where the shadows lie,
And faintly borne on the fresh'ning breeze
  From yonder point comes the loon's wild cry.

Like diamonds flashing athwart the tide
  The dancing moonbeams quiver and glow,
As out on the deep we swiftly glide
  To our distant Mecca, Ile Perrot.

Ile Perrot far to the southward lies,
Pointe Claire on the lee we leave behind,
And eager we gaze with longing eyes,
For faintest sign of the deadly "blind."

Past the point where Ottawa's current flows—
A league from St. Lawrence golden sands—
Out in the bay where the wild grass grows
We mark the spot where our ambush stands.

We enter it just as the crimson flush
Of morn illumines the hills with light,
And patiently wait the first mad rush
Of pinions soaring in airy flight.

A rustle of wings from over there,
Where all night long on watery bed
The flocks have slept—and the morning air
Rings with the messenger of lead.

Many a pilgrim from far away
Many a stranger from distant seas,
Is dying to-day on St. Louis Bay,
To requiem sung by the southern breeze.

Then up with the anchor and ply the oar,
For homeward again our course must bear,
Farewell to the "blind" by Ile Perrot's shore
And welcome the harbor of old Pointe Claire!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

THE RUFFED GROUSE

Ice and snow incase Chocorua,
Ice and snow press down the forests,
Ice and snow enthrall the rivers,
Under ice and snow the lake groans,
Sends wild moanings to the mountains,
Tells its pain to gloomy Paugus,
Starts the deer on Passaconway.
Few and feeble are the sun's rays,
Coming late and going early,
Long the nights and chill their breathings,
Scant the song of birds in these days.

When the pallid sun has vanished,
Under Osceola's ledges,
When the lengthening shadows mingle
In a sombre sea of twilight,
From the hemlocks in the hollow
Swift emerging comes the partridge;
Not a sound betrays her starting,
Not a sound betrays her lighting
In the birches by the wayside,
In her favored place for budding.

When the twilight turns to darkness,
When the fox's bark is sounding,
From her buds the partridge hastens,
Seeks the soft snow by the hazels,
Burrows in its sheltering masses,
Burrows where no owl can find her.

Ah, how welcome is the Springtime!
With its hoard of buds expanding,
With its berries left uncovered
By the melting of the snow-fields,
With its sweet, pure western breezes,
With the perfume of the mayflower,
With the singing of the finches,
With the music of the waters.

From the glens below Chocorua
Comes the sound of log-cocks drumming.
In the poplar groves of Paugus
Every downy beats his answer,
In the orchard and the birch wood
Joyous titmice plan their dwellings,
In the pine wood by the lake shore
Bustles back and forth the nuthatch.

Then it is the stately partridge
Spreads his ruff and mounts his rostrum,
Gazes proudly round the thicket.
Sounds his strange and muffled signal,

First with slow and heavy measure,
Then like eager, hurried heart-beats,
Ending in a nervous flutter
Faster than the ear can reckon.

Midway in the May-month season,
From her haughty, strutting master
To the silence of the pine wood
Steals the happy partridge mother,
Under cloak of yew and moose-wood,
Under brush and in the shadow,
Seeks a hollow lined with mosses,
Filled with leaves and sweet pine needles;
There her pale brown eggs she fondles,
There in anxious silence watches,
Stirs not, starts not, though dread danger
Passes near her, crashes by her.

Warm the leaves when chicks are hatching,
Full the ground of dainty morsels,
Broad the ferns to hide her darlings,
Keen her ear to tell of danger.

If perchance a man approaches,
Nears her brood and notes her presence,
Ah, how quickly does the mother
Risk herself to save her nestlings!
Whining, moaning, near him crouching,
Limping, fluttering, leading onward,

While the chicks with matchless cunning
Craft inherited from ages,
Under leaves, beneath broad mushrooms,
Into stumps, or gaping ledges
Crowd their downy, frightened bodies,
Wait till danger long has vanished.
Then with reassuring mewing
Comes the mother back to call them,
Nestle one by one beneath her,
Soothe their fright and preen their plumage.

Anxious days—the days of autumn,
When from foggy morn till evening
Every mountain rolls back echoes,
Guns are thund'ring, dogs are yelping,
Danger lurks in every thicket,
Flocks are broken, broods are scattered.

Red the maples—red like heart's blood,
Thick the leaves fall—thick as sorrows,
Every breeze becomes a warning,
Every creaking limb a terror,
Every trailing stem of blackb'ry
Seems a snare to seize the heedless.

High upon the oaks the squirrels
Frolic fast among the acorns,
On the moss beneath, the chipmunks
Gather up the falling treasures.

Shrill and nervous is their signal,
If their ever-watchful glances
Fall upon the skulking hunter
Prowling through the distant shadows.

When October sears the oak leaves
Silence settles on the forest.
Southward have the swallows darted,
Southward sped the warbler legions,
Southward are the thrushes flocking,
Crows complaining seek the ocean.
With the snowflakes o'er the mountains
Hasten past the hawks from Northland,
Speed along the titmice, juncos,
White-crowned sparrows, wrens, and creepers,
Tiny kinglets, sweet-voiced bluebirds,
All in eager search for havens
Where the touch of winter kills not.
Close behind them come the crossbills,
Come with joyous notes the redpolls,
Come pine grosbeaks, too confiding,
Come the hosts from Arctic nesting.

Colder grows the lengthening darkness,
Feebler grow the sun's caresses,
Wailing winds rush through the forests,
Sweeping myriad leaves before them;
But the partridge fears no storm-wind,
Winter has for her no terrors.

Warm her heart and thick her feathers,
Strong her wings and brave her nature,
She exults in whirling beech leaves,
Groaning branches make her music,
Snowflakes form for her a shelter,
Food is certain as in summer,
Foes are fewer than in Autumn.

Countless ages has Chocorua
Seen the partridge in the forest,
Heard his intermittent drumming,
Seen him budding night and morning.
May the ages still unnumbered,
While the mountain horn endureth,
Find the partridge near Chocorua
Joyous all the twelve-month season.

FRANK BOLLES

O' RARE OCTOBER DAYS

O' the rare days of October, when the stubbles are
all bare,
And the harvest is outstanding in the shock;
When the russet leaves turn golden, and the world's
without a care,
As the sunrise glints on barrel and on stock.
O' the days of hearty tramping after "merry, brave,
brown Bob,"
With the faithful pointers ranging, or at heels;
What can mar the exultation, or the upland hunter
rob,
Of the pleasure that on such a day he feels!

When the birds rise from the covert, with a whirr
that surges thro'
Every nerve and sets them tingling with a thrill;
While the soul is all absorbed with a glance along
the blue
And the query: Shall I miss or shall I kill?

O' the rare days of October, with the dogs both on a point,
And the partridges a-skimming o'er the lea;
Let the statesman vainly wrestle with the times all out of joint,
Give the joys of "rare October days" to me.

CHARLES TURNER

THE OLD HUNTING COAT

A thing of stiff canvas, dirt spotted and torn;
Soiled corduroy collar; huge pockets that tote
The game; and its fabric is crumpled and worn;
Yet memories cling to the old hunting coat.

Its color of tan with the ground smoothly blends
And frights not the timid and sharp-sighted game;
By delicate thread its bone button suspends,
Untouched by the hand of the unseeing dame.

On the sleeve a light feather seems destined to stay;
The scent of burnt powder around it doth cling;
And its pockets conceal but a motley array
Of pipe and tobacco, shells, matches and string.

And many a night it has pillowed the head
That rested in peace 'neath a sheltering tent
That on some stream's banks, tree-protected, was spread,
Where few but Dame Nature's wild creatures e'er went.

Ah, if it could speak! It would eagerly tell
Of long, breathless chase through the thicket and thorns
In pursuit of the elk that fought nobly and well,
But those antlers the old hunting coat now adorns.

Or perhaps it would whisper of morning's sharp chill
And rush-hidden boat in some lake at daylight,
And speak of the silence, and e'en of the thrill
That it felt when the canvasback started the flight.

Or yet it could speak of the favorite camp
Where the brook makes sweet music and soft breezes blow;
And the odor of firs and of wild flowers, dew damp,
And leaping of trout where the slender weeds grow.

The broadcloth may scorn it, the woolen may sneer,
Aristocrats they, keeping always remote;
Yet none of them offer the comfort and cheer
And happiness found in the old hunting coat.

ANON

MEN IN THE ROUGH

Men in the rough—on the trails all new-broken—
Those are the friends we remember with tears;
Few are the words that such comrades have spoken—
Deeds are their tributes that last through the years.

Men in the rough—sons of prairie and mountain—
Children of nature, warm-hearted, clear-eyed;
Friendship with them is a never-sealed fountain;
Strangers are they to the altars of pride.

Men in the rough—curt of speech to their fellows—
Ready in everything, save to deceive;
Theirs are the friendships that time only mellows,
And death cannot sever the bonds that they weave.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

THE OUTLAND TRAILS

My head grew gray on the outland trails where I
stood a man with men;
And now I whine like a hungry whelp to go out on
the trails again.

How the whip of a rifle lifts my heart to the crags of
a hidden range,
Where the black pines circle the riven peak and the
silences estrange
A man from himself and all humankind; where the
winds no leash have known,
And the soul is king of itself again, up there with
the stars, alone.

The sea-worn sails that idle hang in the smoke of
the harbor slips
Know a sweeter song than was ever sung by the
fairest woman's lips;
And the sea that cradles the dripping prow as it
comes to its island rest
Is a sweeter place for a weary head than the fairest
woman's breast.

Where the pack-train plods in the desert noon and the world runs out to space,
And the lone coyote's hunger-cry breaks the startled ponies' pace;
Where the visioned lake is a mockery and death holds the pouch of gold,
There is more of peace than in all your creeds; yea, more by a thousandfold!

Saddle and rifle, spur and rope, and the smell of sage in the rain,
As down the cañon the pintos lope and spread to the shadowed plain. . . .
Up on the ledge where the burro creeps, patient and sure and slow,
Above a valley floor that sleeps ten thousand feet below. . . .

Out where the tumbling schooner fights in the spume of the typhoon's hate;
Up where the huskie bays the lights of the Northland's frozen gate. . . .
Sun and wind and the sound of rain! Hunger and thirst and strife!
God! To be out on the trails again with a grip on the mane of life!

And my woman sees and hides a tear, for the cabin
door is wide,
Unshadowed by sons that return no more, for they
sleep in the ocean-tide,
Or out on the desert sand unmarked save by the
rough-hewn stake,
For they died like men on the outland trails, but I
stay for their mother's sake;

Stay . . . and dream of the outland trails and the
songs of fighting men;
Stay . . . and whine like a hungry whelp to go out
on the trails again.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

A CAMP

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

DICKENS IN CAMP

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

BRET HARTE

MY "LEETLE CABANE"

I'm sitten' to-night on ma leetle cabane, more
happier dan de king,
An' ev'ry corner's ringin' out wit' musique de ol'
stove sing.
I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm gates
open wide,
But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm, so long
I was safe inside.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it, ma
birch canoe,
I look on de wall w'ere ma rifle hang along wit' de
good snowshoe,
An' ev'ry t'ing else on the worl' I got, safe on dis
place near me.
An' here you are too, ma brave ol' dog, wit' your
nose up agen ma knee.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

LOVE OF THE OPEN

I want to get back to the open,
  I want to be ridin' the range.
For the last few months I've been hopin'
  That the boss would give me a change.
This takin' cattle to market,
  It sure does make me some sad,
For I love best my old saddle
  And I want to be usin' it bad.

There ain't any fun in bunkin'
  In a dressed-up room near the sky,
Where the noise of the streets never ceases,
  Where a man can't close an eye.
And if I do sleep I'm a-dreamin'
  Of the open round the Two Bars,
And I forget the steel-girded bunkhouse,
  And I'm sleepin' out under the stars.

Oh, the nights that I've spent on the ranges!
  With its cool air that kisses your cheek
Like a girl that loves you would kiss you.
  Oh, the thoughts that a cowboy could speak;

And the lyin' down in the grasses,
  And the watchin' the stars overhead,
And the hearin' the coyotes wailin'—
  Give me the open for bed.

EDWIN HEIMBACH

THE SOLITARY WOODSMAN

When the gray lake water rushes
Past the dripping alder bushes,
  And the bodeful Autumn wind
In the fir-tree weeps and hushes,—

When the air is sharply damp
Round the solitary camp,
  And the moose-bush in the thicket
Glimmers like a scarlet lamp,—

When the birches twinkle yellow,
And the cornel bunches mellow,
  And the owl across the twilight
Trumpets to his downy fellow,—

When the nut-fed chipmunks romp
Through the maples' crimson pomp,
  And the slim viburnum flushes
In the darkness of the swamp,—

When the blueberries are dead,
When the rowan clusters red,
  And the shy bear, summer-sleekened,
In the bracken makes his bed—

On that day there comes once more
To the latched and lonely door,
  Down the wood-road striding silent,
One who has been here before.

Green spruce branches for his head,
Here he makes his simple bed,
  Couching with the sun, and rising
When the dawn is frosty red.

All day long he wanders wide
With the gray moss for his guide,
  And his lonely axe-strokes startle
The expectant forest-side.

Toward the quiet close of day
Back to camp he takes his way,
  And about his sober footsteps
Unafraid the squirrels play.

On his roof the red leaf falls,
At his door the bluejay calls,
  And he hears the wood-mice hurry
Up and down his rough log walls.

Hears the laughter of the loon
Thrill the dying afternoon,—
  Hears the calling of the moose
Echo to the early moon.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE CAMP-FIRE

A touch sets free the prisoned rage,
Like angry beast from riven cage,
And darting forth in fury dire
It gluts its tongues of mad desire;
With swirl and roar and frantic blaze
It sweeps the brands in breathless maze,
Not heeding how its work may end,
It coverts only foes to rend:
With reckless fling from fevered blasts
Aloft, afar, the sparks it casts,
As if in sport its brood to toss,
With crazy scorn of harm or loss.

Then quiet grows the tumult of the flame,
Leaving a changeful gloaming in its train,
Where shifting shadows ever wax and wane;
Now whispered fancies, now a whispered name,
Steal softly forth and swift are gone again,
And silence brings a vague, delicious pain.

W. Harry Clemons

THE LAST CAMP-FIRE

Pile on the pine and hemlock boughs,
  Send up the starry shower;
Ten days of wildwood friendship be
  Concentrated in this hour.

To-morrow comes the world again,
  Its paths of dark or light;
To-night we draw the circle close,
  And every face is bright.

Kind memories more than hemlock flames
  Across our foreheads creep,
And underneath these placid days
  Are friendships true and deep.

The camp-fire is a vulcan forge,
  Within whose throbbing glow
Are welded bands that will not break
  Till Life's tent is laid low.

How hard soe'er old Time may strike,
  Or sudden storms may brew,
The rivet-pins of kindly thoughts
  Will keep this circle true.

Around Life's camp the shadows lie,
And dark aisles of the wood,
And ope their silent mystery
We would not if we could.

But rather face to face we turn,
And when our hope declines
We'll trace the way the sparks reveal
Above the silent pines.

Then pile the pine and hemlock boughs,
Send up the starry shower;
Before to-morrow's battle call
Let freedom have one hour.

Perchance, when the last battle's fought,
In the last evening's damp,
Our earthly thought of heaven's rest
Will be this Brule camp.

CHARLES LEMUEL THOMPSON

THE HILLS

Shall I leave the hills, the high, far hills
That shadow the morning plain?
Shall I leave the desert sand and sage that gleams
in the winter rain?
Shall I leave the ragged bridle-trail to ride in the
city street—
To snatch a song from the printed word,
Or sit at a master's feet?

To barter the sting of the mountain wind for the
choking fog and smoke?
To barter the song of the mountain stream for the
babble of city folk?
To lose my grip on the god I know and fumble
among the creeds?
Oh rocks and pines of the high, far hills,
Hear the lisp of the valley reeds!

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

ONE MAN'S SIZE DAY

When you've bent beneath the pack-sack
  And mushed glumly through the mud
With the wet, warped, shrunken leather
  Gouging at your heel for blood;
Plodded grimly through the gumbo
  Till your feet were balls of clay
While your fifty pounds of duffle
  Trebled weight along the way;
Staggered, panting, o'er the portage,
  Fell, and cussed the whole air blue;
Reached, at last, the longed-for landing,
  Stowed your pack, launched your canoe
Just to have a cold rain catch you;
  Paddled hard 'gainst wind and stream
While the pure, cold, sparkling raindrops
  Hit your hide and hissed to steam;
Say, there's heaps of satisfaction,
  Tea and flapjacks stowed away
And your old pipe filled and fuming,
  Checking off One Man's Size Day.

C. L. Gilman

IDEALISTS

Brother Tree:
Why do you reach and reach?
Do you dream some day to touch the sky?
Brother Stream:
Why do you run and run?
Do you dream some day to fill the sea?
Brother Bird:
Why do you sing and sing?
Do you dream—
Young Man:
Why do you talk and talk and talk?

ALFRED KREYMBORG

BOATING UP THE OSWEGATCHIE

Boating up the Oswegatchie!—
  Up the river swift and strong—
Flowing here with silent purpose,
  Which to noble men belong!
  Yonder breaking into song!

Lo, the sportive finny beauties!—
  Flecked with gold and silver and gray;
Hiding in the coolest coverts—
  Leap they now to seize their prey—
  Leap to rue the fatal day.

Floating on the Oswegatchie,
  In the fearful, solemn night!
Start we at the scream of panther—
  Fly the red deer from our light
  Through the pines of templed height.

Camping on the Oswegatchie!
  Spread our tents like angel wings
Altar-like our camp-fire blazes,
  Piled with fragrant offerings—
  Sweet the rest that Nature brings!

LEWIS V. RANDOLPH

REBELLION

To wake at morn,
And hear the little laugh
Of the lake-wind in the trees;
To watch at dawn
The earliest sunbeam kiss
The mist-crowned, towering peaks
And glide down to the plains.

Ah, that is Life!
Not this—
To wake at morn,
And hear the swelling roar
Of Man, Beast and Machine,
Toiling in murky air
And a city's sweat!

At noon to dream
Where Nature's bowers are hid
Beneath an arch
Of twined and intersticing vines,
While on the air
Quivers the chanting of the sighing woods,
And the songs of mating birds.

Ah, that is Life!
Not this—
At noon to pause,
And lay aside the pen for one brief hour:
Then to return, as I did yesterday,
Will do to-morrow and on all to-morrows—
Oh, Fool, Machine, and Slave!

Again at dusk,
To watch the sun's last ray
Fade in the west;
To feel Earth's grand transition
From day to night—
That moment when the world
Pauses and knows itself!
The Angelus chimes
And echoes 'round the Earth;
Here the Muezzin's call,
There a child's lullaby,
And now a poor serf's prayer. . . .
Earth's evensong!

To hear that is to live!
Not this—
To breast the roaring surge
Of thousands, pale and tired, dead in soul,
Crowding with merciless haste toward home.
Home? . . .
Past ere the sweet of home has touched the sense!

To toil that we may sleep
  That better we may toil;
To toil that we may eat,
  That better we may toil.
Ay, that is Life; but still—
  But still we dream!

STEPHEN CHALMERS

TO THE GODS OF THE COUNTRY

Sun and Moon, shine upon me;
  Make glad my days and clear my nights!

O Earth, whose child I am,
  Grant me thy patience!

O Heaven, whose heir I may be,
  Keep quick my hope!

Your steadfastness I need, O Hills;
  O Rain, thy kindness!

Snow, keep me pure;
  O Fire, teach me thy pride!

From you, ye Winds, I ask your blitheness!

MAURICE HEWLETT

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